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UP THE COAST FROM PANAMA.

(LEAVES FROM AN ARTIST'S NOTE BOOK.)

BY WALTER STEARNS HALE.

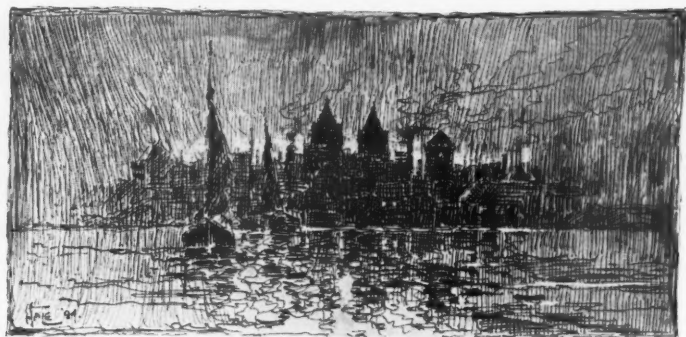


PANAMA is very interesting, and so full of picturesque material and rich color that it seems remarkable that so few artists frequent the old town. One very good reason is the heat, which is so intense that it is difficult, if not dangerous, to do any work out of doors during the morning hours or at noontime, when one generally feels most like working. Then, too, it is out of the way; even energetic Americans are not anxious to visit the Isthmus unless they are called there by urgent business. Of course, we read a great deal about Panama when the canal excitement was at its height; but the men who populated the city in those days were too busy to stop and admire purple shadows and ruined archways and picturesque cathedrals, so they let them severely alone, and, instead, told us all about the great ditch that has never been completed, and about the hundreds of men who were losing their lives working in the shifting and treacherous sands of the Chagres river.

The last day of our stay in the harbor broke clear and bright; the irregular outlines of the city in the distance, its towers and tiled roofs and balconies hidden here and there by patches of bright green shining in the sunlight, offered a tempting subject for a water color—the great purple mountains for a background and above and over all a sky of amethyst, with white, fleecy clouds

sailing lazily through its depths. The surface of the bay was quiet and calm, except where the long swell encountered the sunken reefs in front of the city and broke into crests of white spray that seemed to rise out of the deep and then sink back again, as though regulated by some unseen power below. Small boats, laden almost to the water's edge with fruit and vegetables, were tangled together at the foot of the ship's ladder, their skippers jostling and pushing and swearing at one another in choice Spanish while waiting to deliver their cargoes to the steward. Another bit of color was given to the scene by a fleet of luggers, becalmed between our ship and Dead Man's island, their red hulls reflected in the water and their brown, weather-stained sails flapping idly against the masts.

It has been a lazy day for the passengers. We sat under the forward deck, armed with palm-leaf fans, and refreshed by occasional draughts of ice-water, for it was hot, if that word describes it. The atmosphere was so permeated with moisture that it made me feel the heat more uncomfortably than I ever felt it before or ever want to again if I can help it. A squad of apprentice boys, who are being sent out to China to be placed on some of our war-ships there, monopolize the steerage and have the privilege of the after-deck. When they found it was too warm for their comfort, they solved the problem by jumping overboard and swimming around the ship to the



PANAMA FROM THE HARBOR.

imminent risk of their lives, for the harbor abounds in sharks.

We were told some very weird, but probably quite true, stories the other night about the danger of allowing one's self to come in contact with a tropical rainstorm; for the rain generally has the advantage, and unless great care is exercised an attack of the fever almost invariably follows a drenching, so, when the clouds over the mountains assumed a threatening aspect and changed to a dull, leaden color, those of our passengers who had been spending the day in the city hurried back; a procession of row-boats could be seen rounding the point from the landing-place and bearing down upon us, the boatmen bending to their oars with unusual energy, probably spurred on by the promise of an additional fee if they reached the ship before the clouds burst. The approaching storm rather hastened preparations for departure, and just as the first drops began to sprinkle the awning over our heads the market-boats and coal-barges drew away and the "San Juan" moved slowly down the harbor, saluted as she left them by whistles and cheers from the steamers surrounding her.

M—— and myself are to occupy the same stateroom, for the ship is crowded. We tossed a coin to see who should occupy the lower berth, and I won; he has been grumbling ever since—says I have "beastly luck." It would make no difference, only that the upper berth is short and narrow, and he is long and

broad; moreover, it requires a certain amount of gymnastic proficiency, which he evidently does not possess, to get in and out of it when the ship is rolling.

After dinner we made an inspection of the steerage and lower deck and of the stock farm aft. It is almost impossible to obtain fresh meat at the ports along the coast, so the cattle, sheep, turkeys, and chickens necessary to supply the table on a three weeks' voyage are carried in stalls and pens, and sacrificed as occasion requires. All these necessary adjuncts to life on a farm seem very much out of place on a Pacific mail liner, and it will certainly be rather startling to find one's self awakened in the morning by the cackle of chickens from the coop on the upper deck.

The captain's prophecy that we should have a rough night has been realized, for the rain is falling in torrents on the deck above, and the wind and waves are gathering force as we get out to sea.

My dream concerning anything resembling rural life was rudely dispelled this morning by a Chinese servant, attired in a rather voluminous robe and baggy trousers, who knocked on the door, hammered on the shutters, danced on the deck, and finally convinced us, though we could n't understand a word he said, that it was time to get up. There is something so very mysterious about a Chinaman; he glides by with such an unnatural, unethereal movement, so noiselessly, and with that perpetual, knowing smile that makes one



LOOKING TOWARD ACAPULCO.

think he knows so much more about your life than any one else does, and if you have a guilty conscience you feel very uncomfortable, and yet it is impossible to communicate with him on the subject, for you can't speak his language, and all he knows of yours is confined to the menu card in the dining saloon.

This morning the Pacific was calm again, for rainstorms at this season are of short duration, though quite severe while they last. The great ocean stretched away on all sides of us with only a gentle swell on its broad bosom. A school of porpoises were racing and plunging about the bows, and two lonely birds, driven out to sea by the storm of the night before, circled around the masts above. We were well out to sea, so far out that the land off the starboard bow looked like a long, thin purple cloud on the horizon.

The apprentice boys are in charge of a boatswain, and the boatswain reports to Lieutenant B——, a jolly, good fellow—one of the jolliest I ever saw; yet I have the greatest admiration for the lieutenant's executive ability. The boatswain is a character. He loves the drama, so he says, and claims to be an authority on the subject, for he handled the "supers" in the production of a

naval play at a Boston theater, and knows whereof he speaks.

"Pipe, cull," said he after breakfast. (For the benefit of the uninformed I may add that "pipe," in Bowery parlance, means "Look here.") "We's goin' to have a pool on de day's run. All de blokes chips in. Are you wid us?"

"How much will it cost me?"

"Oh, about a hunderd 'n fifty."

That rather staggered me.

"A hundred and fifty?"

"Yes; a dollar 'n a half apiece and de winner takes de pot. See?"

These boys are the toughest lot of youngsters imaginable. Most of them come from the poorer districts on the east side of New York, and their knowledge of that which is evil is something appalling. Of course there is hope that the discipline of a war-ship may reform and make better men of them; but for all those that are so saved there are hundreds of others whose lives are utterly hopeless; who are bred in an atmosphere of vice and crime, and eventually form a part of that criminal class the authorities are trying so hard to exterminate.

The sailors in the fo'castle do a thriving business carrying monkeys and parrots from the tropics to dealers in



CATHEDRAL TOWER.

birds in San Francisco. This menagerie under the forward deck is very interesting, if one can stand the deafening noise long enough to examine it. While the sailors were at work with the cargo one of our young tars bathed a little black monkey in a pot of red paint to the monkey's intense disgust. He looks like a little image of Mephisto, and has taken refuge in a dark corner, where he chatters away to himself, for the other monkeys completely ignore him.

I tried to finish up a sketch this afternoon under the awning at forward, but it was not a dazzling success. The noise below was rather aggravating, the ship was rolling slightly, and I found it difficult to use my brush with any precision; to add to all this, a family of Spanish children surrounded me; while I could n't understand a word they said, I felt their criticisms of my work were anything but favorable. That was bad enough, but when their mother put in an appearance, examined the sketch from directly in front of me and then said: "See, Meester Artiste, he pant de sea on fire!" I gave up in despair. The sketch was supposed to represent a tropical sunset, and now that I think of it, her criticism was not so remarkable after all,

for as she looked at it upside down, it probably had the effect of what Stockton calls a "reversible landscape." The composition of one of these pictures is simple enough; some trees reflected in the water. When it is reversed the trees assume vague, uncertain outlines, the water becomes the sky, and the painting represents a misty, moonlight effect.

A rattle of chains and machinery, as the anchor slipped into the water, awoke us from a troubled sleep this morning, for the night had been intensely hot, and the cool breeze just springing up from the shore was most refreshing. Through the stateroom window I caught a glimpse of Punta Arenas, the principal port on the west coast of Costa Rica, and not a particularly imposing place, in spite of its mercantile prominence. The ship was anchored some distance from the shore, waiting to receive a cargo of coffee brought out from a long pier. The owners of the pier have a monopoly, for the beach is shallow and sandy, and even the row-boats are compelled to use it, so the boatmen charge an exorbitant price in consequence. The town was asleep, except at the wharf, where a gang of natives were loading the barges with sacks of coffee and other merchandise. A railroad runs from Punta Arenas to the interior; at least we were assured there was a railroad, though it was not much in evidence. A few general stores face the principal



GATEWAY TO THE FORT.



Etched by Walter Stearns Hale.

A HILLY ROAD, ACAPULCO.

street, which is nothing more than a roadway, with low buildings scattered at intervals on either side. The most hospitable-looking place we found was a saloon, with an open front and an awning that offered a grateful protection from the sun. The interior contained a rather dilapidated bar, behind it a native attendant with a piratical black beard, who was concocting some

mysterious beverage for a couple of as equally fierce-looking patrons. V—— insisted on my testing the virtues of the native whisky, or "white-eye" as they call it here, and I have regretted it ever since. I don't mean to put myself down as a teetotaler, but the rest of my days would surely be spent in total abstinence if this was the only spirituous refreshment obtainable. For

the natives of Punta Arenas I have the most sincere compassion; not that they care much for my sympathy, for they evidently enjoy the burning fluid and its disastrous effect. They are perfectly welcome to it and may keep it with them always, as I shall always keep with me the memory of a scorched and parching palate.

The coffee crop from Costa Rica is enormous, and would be even greater, for the land is unusually fertile, but for the unhealthy climate along the coast. The swamps and lowlands breed the most malignant type of fever. In some places rich plantations have been abandoned even by the natives, who have refused to work them.

Late this afternoon we left Punta Arenas, steamed down the Gulf of Nicoya, passed Cape Blanco, and on out to sea again.

Some of the critics who have thought the colors on the canvases of Turner and of Thomas Moran unnatural and exaggerated should witness a sunset in the tropics as we saw it to-night, and they would see how inadequate a painter's palette is to express such intensely brilliant color. Burning streaks of crimson rose out of the horizon in front of us; great flaming arms stretching up to the zenith, and lighting both sea and sky with glorious color. Then slowly the great disk sank out of sight, and the color in the sky changed as slowly to the quieter tones of the afterglow—the delicate greens and pinks and yellows that artists so love to paint. As the tints to the westward faded the moon gathered strength, and shed over everything another softer and colder light, creating ghostly shadows on deck and giving vague outlines to the rigging and to the masts, as they moved slowly to and fro across the starry background like great pendulums.

After dinner we sat well up in the bow, M—— and myself enjoying a cigar and reveling in the cool breeze that sprang up after sunset. He was evidently impressed by the surroundings, by the quiet moonlight, and the faint sounds of a guitar that gave a romantic color to his thoughts, for he told me a great deal more about himself

than he ever has before, and I know now why he has been so quiet and moody of late. He says he is sure in his heart the girl is going to wait for him, and he is going to carve a little place for himself in the niche of fame, and after a while he will come back and find that she has not changed at all, that she thinks of him just as she did in the old days, and so he has an earnest desire to prove himself worthy of her confidence and constancy. And I admire this in him most sincerely, for there is a great deal in having something to work for. So we sat and talked till eight bells had struck, and got up to find the deck deserted save for the lookout and the officer on the bridge. A strange phosphorescent glow lit up the waves as the bow cut through them. It seemed as though myriads of tiny electric lights were concealed beneath the surface, and were only revealed as the ship plunged through the water.

We anchored off San Juan del Sur late this afternoon, but remained there only a short time. The place is particularly interesting as the western terminus of the Nicaragua canal, and I regret that our brief stay prevented a visit to the shore. Very little work has been done here, though a great deal has been accomplished in dredging the San Juan river and constructing railroad and telegraph lines from Greytown, on the eastern coast, toward the interior. Now that the Panama canal is a thing of the past it seems incredible that there should be any delay in completing this northern route. The actual engineering work is simple compared with the difficulties encountered in utilizing the ever-changing channel of the Chagres river at Panama, and it is to be hoped that our government will see it in a proper light and lend material assistance to the American company now having the work in charge. The lesson taught at Panama has been of great benefit to the American engineers, and, contrary to the French enterprise, there is something to show for the money already invested. Our own country would be the one most benefited by

the completion of the canal, and if government aid is to be asked at all, the United States should secure control of what will eventually prove a most valuable piece of property.

The volcano Coseguina, rising from the low coast lands to a height of four thousand feet above the sea, came into sight this morning; its base separated from the crater above by a moving mass of clouds and mist. One side of the great crater was blown off years ago and hurled down the mountain side. A lonely rock some distance off the point and many miles from the volcano itself is supposed to be a piece of the crater, though I am inclined to take this bit of information with a grain of salt.

Salvador, Honduras, and Nicaragua all form the coast line of the Bay of Fonseca, which has a length of fifty miles and is thirty broad. Amapata, at the head of the bay, is not generally touched by through-line ships from Panama to San Francisco, but is left to the coasters and smaller craft. Two Americans, who are on a trip to their silver mines in the interior, secured special instructions ordering the ship to make port and allow them to land. The captain, who is generally very good-natured, evidently did not take kindly to the idea, for the extra trip will bring him behind time, and, while the bay is beautiful, navigation in some places is rather dangerous. All afternoon the ship was driven at half speed, and the quartermaster kept busy heaving the lead as we neared port. Our two friends were compelled to make the journey by mule-back over the mountains, and the boat in which they left the ship was loaded with guns and saddles and a complete camping outfit.

The republic is remarkably fertile; sugar, cotton, corn, tobacco, wheat, besides all kinds of tropical fruit, flourish in abundance, and the mountains are rich in silver and gold. There is plenty of good pasture land, and mahogany, rosewood, and other valuable



CAPE BLANCO, COSTA RICA.

trees grow in the forests. The great drawback to the country's natural resources has been the continual warfare between the different governments of Central America, a state of affairs that has probably retarded their progress more than anything else. If they cannot find a chance to war with one another they cultivate a little civil war, and fight with as much determination and enthusiasm as though they really had some slight excuse for killing one another after all.

A squall, followed by a driving rain-storm, made our exit from the harbor difficult and exciting. It became so dark and stormy that it looked for a while as though we would be compelled to anchor for the night, but the ship moved slowly through the gathering fog, and by nine o'clock we had left the bay and full speed was resumed again.

The coast line of Salvador is a low plain, though most of the country is a plateau two thousand miles above the sea. The mountains are of volcanic origin, and earthquakes are so frequent that the people become as much accustomed to them as a Kansas settler does to a cyclone. The captain says that a large district lying between Mount Cojutepeque and Lake Ilopango (these names were too much for the boatswain; he said: "'Tain't no use; I can't buy de captain's talk!") is called the "swinging hammock" from the frequent tumblings and rockings of the earth. The principal point is Port Libertad, where large shipments of coffee are handled and quite a trade conducted with the interior. A number

of long, low buildings, with an occasional tiled roof showing behind the palm and mango trees, another pier stretching from the yellow sand far out into the water, and swarms of dusky boatmen, some of them navigating clumsy dug-out canoes, were all we could see from the ship, and our stay was so short that we were unable to become better acquainted with the place.

San José de Guatemala is not imposing. It simply serves, like many of the other coast towns, as a shipping port for passengers and cargo to and from the capital of the republic. The climate all along the coast is so unhealthy that most of the inhabitants are driven to the plateaus and the towns along the mountain sides, where the heat is not so intense and where the dreaded fever is not so apt to reach them. The coast towns suffer in consequence, as few people reside for any length of time in them, except when compelled by urgent necessity. There is an old picturesque ruin not far from the capital; only a few blackened walls are standing to remind one of the old town of Guatemala, the ancient capital of the most important republic in Central America. It was destroyed by the *Vulcan de Agua*, or "water volcano," in 1541, and is now completely deserted.

The boatswain has been trying to find whether the town was named after "San José Joe," the man-eating shark who frequents the harbor, or the shark was named after the town. The shark has had the benefit of a lot of free advertising lately; he has even been in the New York papers, for his depredations have been so frequent and so fatal that his fame has extended all along the coast. He makes periodical visits to certain of the little towns in the immediate vicinity with disagreeable regularity, and generally disappears in company with one of the leading citizens. He is distinguished from the rest of his tribe by his enormous size and peculiar marking. Though many attempts have been made to destroy him they have ignominiously failed, for he has either baffled his pursuers

or defeated them in a hand to hand encounter.*

The boys had been very quiet the last few days, but they distinguished themselves this afternoon. A sister ship, the "San Blas," bound back to Panama, was at anchor as we entered the harbor. She carried a squad of apprentice boys on their way to New York, and in their honor the youngsters on our ship displayed the pirate flag at the peak. When the ghastly ensign of Captain Kidd and of other disreputable mariners of the olden time was brought to the captain's attention, it looked as though there was going to be any amount of trouble in store for certain of the steerage passengers who are going to wear the uniform of Uncle Sam in the far China seas. But the lieutenant is not only suave and gracious and possessed of a great deal of diplomatic ability, but he has in his stateroom a very choice bottle of sherry, so the matter was settled amicably by arbitration.

What interesting memories the name of Old Mexico revives! Of stories of fierce battles between the conquering Spaniards and their Aztec foes; of bull fights under the blazing sun, the arena alive with a moving mass of glorious color; of mule trains heavily laden with gold and silver and costly merchandise crawling up the mountain paths; of attacks by brigands lying in ambush across the narrow trail; of moonlit nights and balconied windows and fair faces leaning over to catch the strains of the love melodies from the shadows below! We have all read a great deal about Mexico; its ancient history and struggle for independence have formed the basis for many stories of interest and excitement. To me the country is still a land of mystery and romance, though nineteenth century progress and enterprise are developing many of the rich mines, and the landscape in many places is given an

*Shortly after this was written San José Joe met his fate in a rather unusual manner; he was stranded on a sand-bar when the tide went down, and was thereupon killed by two natives who had been watching him from the shore.

appearance quite out of keeping with its ancient character by the addition of steam drills, and factories with smoky chimneys and glistening parallel lines of steel crossing the country in all directions.

In the old days when Spanish rule was firmly established throughout the country, Acapulco was the great port on the Pacific ocean. It was a busy and celebrated city, for here the grand galleons from the Indies found a harbor, and their valuable cargoes of slaves and treasure and spices and silks were transferred to mule-trains and carried over the "Acapulco trail" to the City of Mexico, a twelve days' journey from the sea. The arrival of a galleon—and they only sailed at intervals of a year—was a great event, and was eagerly watched for by merchants and mariners all along the coast. The six months' voyage from Manilla was full of danger; for pirates then infested the western ocean, and violent hurricanes were not infrequent. Sometimes the cargo was transported across the country and reshipped at Vera Cruz for Old Spain. The town was then all bustle and excitement, but new routes were opened over the mountains and the port fell into disuse. Bret Harte has given us a vivid picture of these times in "The Lost Galleon."

Acapulco possesses one of the finest harbors in the world. It is almost land-locked, and the water so deep that we passed within a ship's breadth of a pile of granite rocks that guard the entrance. Then we had a glimpse of

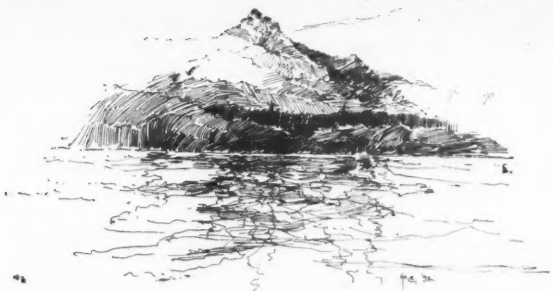
the old fort on the point, and shortly after the ship dropped anchor off the town itself, which nestles in a little valley shaded by groves of tropical trees and shadowed by the grim mountains beyond.

The narrow street leading up from the landing place is not very pictur-



OFF THE CALIFORNIA COAST.

esque; there are the same low buildings with their staring white walls and overhanging roofs, but as one ascends the incline the monotony is broken by a little square or plaza that opens on the left, where the trees cast long purple shadows, and the dogs bask in the sunlight, and the noonday silence is broken only by chatter of paroquets



COSEGUINA FROM THE SEA.

in the branches above. Horses and mules are tethered under the shady trees, and their picturesque owners, in broad sombreros and long serapes, seek shelter from the heat in a neighboring saloon, where they drink pulque, smoke dark cigars and look rather grim and forbidding. Here, too, is the cathedral, with its tower rising above the listless palm leaves, its walls glaring uncomfortably in the sunlight, and the brown-tiled roof casting its shadow on the white façade. The architecture is not so graceful in style as that found in Panama, nor does it show so distinctly the Spanish character. The tower is square at its base, assumes an octagonal shape above, and is crowned by a circular dome, cracked in places and darkened by irregular blotches of dingy gray and black. A large bell hangs beneath, and the arched openings are flanked on either side by a double row of pilasters.

A narrow street leads up from the cathedral to the fort, where protecting balconies throw a grateful shade and the walls on either side echo one's footsteps on the uneven cobblestones. It is so narrow that I wondered what might happen should we encounter anything coming in an opposite direction; a dog ran between my legs and nearly upset me, and a dirty beggar clutched M——'s trousers as he turned into a doorway to avoid a pile of broken boxes and old bottles. We were just congratulating ourselves on making the passage in safety, when a loud shouting and the

clatter of hoofs came from some unseen quarter, and the next moment a cavalcade of mules, some with panniers strapped to their backs, rounded the corner and blocked the way in front. The leaders stopped when they saw us and blinked and switched their tails, and were evidently in favor of retiring and allowing us to pass.

But those in the rear, urged forward by sticks and shouts, settled the question, and the entire procession bore down upon us. There was no time to retreat, so M——, who has played foot-ball, formed a "V," with himself at the apex and the boatswain and lieutenant behind him, and we tried the center for a gain. But the mules proved themselves masters of the art of interference. They moved steadily forward with their proverbial obstinacy, and the street for a few moments thereafter was filled with a jostling, pushing, inseparable tangle of dogs and Mexican boys and donkeys and American travelers with white Stanley hats. The boatswain was carried some distance on a diminutive donkey, who objected seriously to carrying added weight, and returned with his trousers and shirt plastered with a layer of dust and crushed oranges.

We lunched on *frijoles* (black beans) and fried bananas in one of the houses on an alleyway leading from the cathedral. The poorer families live all in one room, and the meals are cooked in a bed of ashes in the center of an earthen floor.



ROCK OFF COSEGUINA POINT.

The road that leads to the fort is rocky and steep, and tufts of grass creep out here and there between the stones, and the donkeys and chickens monopolize it with as much freedom as they would the fields beyond. The houses facing it are picturesque affairs, with sweeping roofs and cracked walls and low doorways. Some of them have chimneys, but that is evidently not a necessity, for in many the smoke finds its way out through a hole in the roof, or the top of a latticed window, and hangs in little blue clouds over the tiles. In front, where the road winds over the hill-top and down to

wind. Our steamer was lying at anchor in the foreground, her black hulls silhouetted against the shore beyond. We could hear the throb of the donkey engine as a great crate of merchandise would rise out of the hold and sink into a barge below, and the faint cries of bumboat women and sailors and boatmen came over the water and mingled with the hum of insect life in the grass and leaves around us. Small craft of all descriptions were tangled about the ship's ladder like wagons in a Broadway blockade, and a continual procession of barges, propelled by dusky oarsmen with long sweeps,



AT PUNTA ARENAS, COSTA RICA.

the fort, some trees throw out their branches and meet in a network of brown and green, forming a graceful arch through which one has a vista of the mountains beyond. The Spanish fort, which is one of the few vestiges of antiquity left in the town, was dismantled by Maximilian's French troops when they abandoned it at the time of the emperor's downfall. The cool shadows under the walls were inviting, and we lounged around on the grass for a while and looked out on the blue waters of the harbor, with the waves dancing in the sunlight, and off in the distance a couple of brown sail fishing boats beating against the

formed a broken line between the ship and the shore. Then we looked in the opposite direction, where, as a direct contrast to all this life and activity, lonely fields of gold and brown and green, their undulating surfaces broken here and there by a pink-roofed cottage or a clump of trees, stretched away to the base of the mountains. It was all so quiet and drowsy, and the breeze that swayed the tree-tops carried with it the heavy perfume of tropical flowers and plants.

There is something really imposing about the typical Mexican, and he is seen to much better advantage here than in the country further north, where

our cowboys and cattlemen call him a "greaser" and avoid his society rather than cultivate it. Here, however, he is on his native heath; his serape, hanging in graceful folds from his shoulder, his high boots and clanking spurs, his dusky skin and the dark, flashing eyes peering from beneath a huge sombrero, all give him an appearance strikingly picturesque and interesting, if a bit theatrical. We must have some respect for him, too. What if he does go to cock-fights, and drink pulque and play cards, throw dice, and, perhaps, now and then, get mixed up in a dispute after nightfall, when he does certain things that he finds great difficulty in explaining away in the morning? That is his privilege; he descends from an ancient race, who possessed untold wealth, and whose history is a fascinating story of romance and war. They left behind them buildings and monuments of great beauty and peculiar architectural work that will stand as mementoes of their ingenuity and graceful imagination till at length they crumble and fall into the dust from which they rose centuries ago, and people will forget the story of the Aztecs and their Spanish conquerors in the whirl and bustle and turmoil of our advancing civilization.

It is to the lower classes one always looks to find the picturesque. The upper class, who hold the high positions and rule the country, have adopted to an extent our manners and our customs and are trying, by wise legislation and encouragement of native industries, to better the condition of the people under them.

While waiting for our boat this afternoon, I watched the process of loading and unloading the barges that carry cargo to and from the ship, and was struck with the ability of the Mexican stevedore to give himself all the manual labor he could and to perform it just as slowly as possible, when a little ingenuity would do away with it altogether. The water is shallow, and at low tide the boats are drawn up as near as possible to the shore; then the stevedore, who is stripped to the waist, wades in nearly up to his armpits, grabs a bag

of coffee or barrel of flour and staggers and splashes and puffs till he reaches dry land. Sometimes he trips and falls, and then he lets the cargo take care of itself for a while and sits in the shadow of one of the warehouses and admires himself—and thinks. And all this because he lacks the energy to build a pier far enough out into the water to enable the barges to draw up to it at low tide.

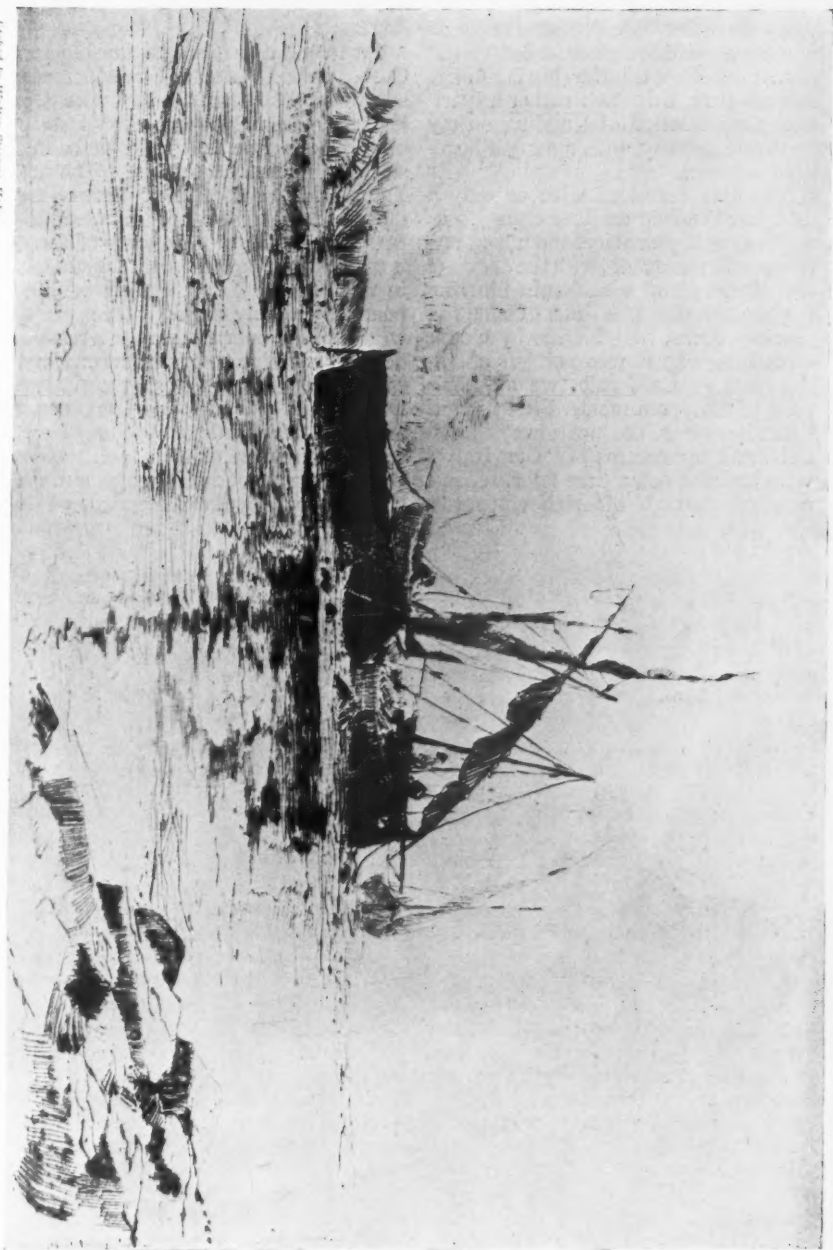
It was towards five o'clock when, after pushing through the blockade of boats, we drew up under the shadow of the ship and climbed up to the deck.

The apprentice boys were not allowed on shore, so they had to content themselves with teasing the bumboat women and with carrying on a choice conversation with the Mexican boatmen. One little fellow, whom the ladies have called "Little Lord Fauntleroy," because of his curly golden hair and innocent expression, had a particularly enjoyable time. An old woman had for her stock in trade two cages of paroquets, about a dozen parrots sitting around the gunwale, and a collection of tortoise shells and earthen jars. "Fauntleroy" was n't looking for curios or for the little earthen pigs and cows, with their strange red and blue marking; he wanted paroquets, so he rigged a hook on the end of a long pole and gathered in one of the cages while the woman's back was turned. She discovered her loss when the cage was above her reach, and in the excitement the pole broke and the cage, with its chattering prisoners, sank beneath the water. The lieutenant has had to make good her loss. He says he does not expect to have any pay coming to him at all by the time he gets the boys to China.

We suffered extremely from the heat the night we left Acapulco, but a great change came with the morning. We ran into a gale, blowing cold and dismal from the north, lashing the lead-colored sea into surging mountains that struck the ship's bow with immense force and threw showers of spray over the decks and into the rigging. Straw hats and flannels were out of the question, and there was a rush for heavy overcoats and winter clothing stowed

Painted by Walter Savary Hall.

ITALIAN FISHING BOATS, SAUCALITO, CALIFORNIA.



in our trunks in the hold. A head sea may be uncomfortable, but there is not that uncertainty as to the exact moment when one will be pitched out of the berth one feels when the ship is rolling. For my part, I'd much rather experience the sensation of standing on my head one moment and dancing a hornpipe the next.

The gale remained with us only a day, but the cold weather clung to us with engaging tenacity, and when, one damp, misty morning, with the deck wet and slippery and a cold rain blurring the surroundings, a line of shaggy, desolate rocks, half hidden by clouds of drifting vapor, was pointed out as the coast of California, we all felt a pang of disappointment. First impressions, however, are not always infallible, and my dreams of "Our Italy" were realized some time later, when I rambled through the rich vineyards,

and pitched my sketching traps before the towers of the old mission of Santa Barbara.


Two days later we entered the Golden Gate, passed Alcatraz island, and steamed up the beautiful bay, with San Francisco resting on a series of steep hills on one side and little Saucalito, sleeping under the shadow of Mount Tamalpais, on the other. Slowly we moved on, passing a fleet of merchant vessels and crossing the bows of some men-of-war lying peacefully at anchor in midstream. Little Italian fishing-boats, with gaily painted lateen sails, were darting over the waves, giving a decidedly foreign color to the scene, and in all directions the harbor was alive with yachts and tugs and ferry-boats. At length the ship drew up to her wharf, the custom-house officials took temporary possession of our luggage, and the three weeks' voyage was ended.



A SAND MOUNTAIN AGGRESSION.

BY FRANCIS LYNDE.

I.

T would be difficult to say why John Gillam set up his staff on the plateau of Sand Mountain when his New England physician told him he must seek a milder climate. It is true that the outlook from the windows of the old "Russell place" on the northern brow of the mountain was sufficiently inspiring, and that the situation was all that could be desired from an artistic point of view; but John Gillam was neither an artist nor a connoisseur in picturesque scenery. It is probable that his reasons were purely utilitarian. The fertility of the warm, sandy soil; the rows of blushing peach trees giving promise of summer plenty; and, perhaps more than these, the small sum asked for the "Russell place," were the arguments most likely to appeal to the New England farmer; and it was doubtless upon some such practical considerations that his decision was based. It is almost certain that he knew little of the mountain, or of its history, when the purchase was made, and it was perhaps his eagerness to begin the new life under the kindly Southern sun that led him to omit the usual cautious inquiries of the intending settler in a strange neighborhood. Upon this point, however, he would have been easily satisfied. The grim legends of ante-bellum violence, and the more recent tales of inhospitable neighbors would have had little influence upon the law-abiding Northerner, whose firm belief in the peace-preserving rule of minding one's own affairs was a part of his inheritance. Some one, indeed, had ventured upon a hint of the possible hostility of the mountaineers, when Gillam was making his purchase in the broker's office in Chattanooga. "That do n't worry me a mite," he said. "I've allus found that

if a man minds his own business, other people 'll let him alone—it's a rule that works both ways, an' I believe it holds good the world over."

John Gillam was a New England farmer of the class called thrifty. This attribute, joined to a modest bequest handed down from the gatherings of equally frugal ancestors, had lifted him above personal work-a-day necessity by the time his son and daughter had outgrown the small advantages of the district school, and like many another, he sold the old homestead and settled in his county town, where the children could attend the academy. Like many another, again, he found that half a lifetime of farm labor was but indifferent training for a succeeding period of comparative idleness. Outraged habit protested, demanding to be reinstated; and the man who, as a laborer, had never known illness, was compelled, as a person of competence, to travel in search of healing. In time, even this concession proved insufficient, and the family physician ordered a permanent change of climate, with such a return to rural life and labor as offended habit might be willing to accept as a fair compromise. Hence the migration, and the engrafting of the family upon the plateau of Sand Mountain.

To Gillam himself, whose hold upon the infertile soil of his native state had been somewhat relaxed by travel, the uprooting was not unwelcome; and with his wife, all other considerations were swallowed up in anxiety for her husband's health. Of Hannah Gillam's character, the scraps of family history give but a dim outline; a good wife and a good mother—so reads her epitaph—and to these seven words who can add more? With the children, the narrative is more unreserved. At the time of the migration, Will Gillam appears as a youth of nineteen, in whom the courage of a man was coupled with the rashness of a boy. Of his sister

Mary, the story will tell all that is known. Her picture is before me as I write; a broad, intellectual brow, a sweet mouth, drooping a trifle at the corners, heavy masses of hair, gathered back into a Psyche-knot. The eyes are full and symmetrical, but of their expression the photograph tells nothing.

For some weeks after the family had taken possession of the home on the mountain, the labor of adjusting the domestic wheels to the new grooves left small leisure for the making of neighborly acquaintances. During that interval there had been some kindly offers of help from the nearest families in the valley, and Gillam had discovered a sectional compatriot in the person of Hiram Newton, whose small farm in the foot-hills impinged upon the road leading from the summit to Bridgeport. Meeting Gillam one day on his way to town, Newton asked how the newcomer liked his location.

"Oh, it 'll do all right, I guess," responded Gillam. "Soil 's a little mite thin an' sandy, but I should n't wonder if it did well enough after it 's been took care of for a year 'r so."

"Hain't seen anything of your neighbors, hev ye?" asked Newton.

Gillam laughed. "Should n't know as I had any nearer than you folks an' the Carrolls. Don't seem to be anybody livin' up on the hill."

Newton's face suddenly became inscrutable. "Don't you make no sech mistake as that," he responded. "There's a plenty of 'em, sech as they be; an' I wish I could say that they're good enough, what there is of 'em, but I can't. It's allus seemed kind o' curi's to me that you bought up there, when there's lots o' good land in the valley."

"On account o' the neighbors, you mean?"

"Yes."

"Well, first off, I did n't know anything about 'em, n'r I don't yet; an' then ag'in, they 'll hev to be pretty consid'able quarrelsome if I can't get along with 'em. I cal'late they 'll let me alone if I 'tend to my own business."

"Mebbe they will, but I should n't

be much surprised if they did n't—you see you 've got in amongst a kind of a bad lot up there. The mountaineers, as a rule, are rather good kind o' folks, little mite shif'less, mebbe, but kind-hearted enough to make up for it, an' you 'll find plenty o' that kind fu'ther back on the mountain. Right along where you are, though, there 's old Rube Anderson, an' Jake Manders, an' Bill Smartt an' a few others that are jest about as mean as they make 'em. They do tell some awful rough stories about 'em."

"What kind o' stories?" inquired Gillam.

"Stories that 'd jest make your hair stan' on end; here 's one on 'em that I happen to know somethin' about, myself. 'Bout six months, or sech a matter, ago, there was a Jew peddler 'round here in the valley, sellin' little knick-knacks an' woman-contraptions. He went up the mountain one afternoon, cal'latin' to foot it acrost to Trenton, Georgy, but nobody 's ever heard tell on him sence. 'T would n't 'a' been noticed so much, mebbe, if some o' them folks I 've been tellin' you 'bout had n't come out in a good deal o' new finery 'bout that time, an' they do say that a part o' the little trunk the Jew carried was found in the ashes of a fire 'way back clost to the Punch Bowl."

Gillam listened attentively, pushing a fly from the neck of his horse with the end of the whip-lash. "That 's only a suspicion, of course," he said thoughtfully, "but it p'int's rather too straight for comfort. At the same time, that 's no reason why they should meddle with me."

"That 's jest what I 've been tryin' to get 'round to, neighbor Gillam; I'm kind o' 'fraid there is a reason. You see, most o' these men are mixed up in the wild-cat whisky business, an' they hate all-firedly to see a decent man settle amongst 'em. Howsomever, it hain't wuth while to cross bridges 'fore you come to 'em; an' then, if trouble dooz come, why jest rec'lect you 've got some frien's here in the valley. Mis' Newton's been layin' out to go up to the house for a week back."

This friendly gossip stirred up a feeling of uneasiness in Gillam's mind, which he tried in vain to shake off as unreasonable. The effort was partly successful, but the foreboding returned again with added weight when the family gathered about the supper-table that evening. Gillam had been repeating as much as he thought best of the conversation with Newton.

"Oh, we know more about them than you do, pa," said Mary, when he had finished.

"How so?"

"Because two of them called here this afternoon."

"I should think they did!" exclaimed Mrs. Gillam. "You never saw sech cool impudence in your life, father—they jest drove their wagon up under the big peach-tree by the fence, an' began to fill a bushel-basket with the peaches!"

"Well! well! Did you speak to 'em?" asked Gillam.

"I did," replied Mary. "I went out and told them that those peaches belonged to us, and they drove away with the remark that they 'lowed like you-uns had more'n ye wanted.'"

"I just wish I'd been here," said Will, glowering. "Of course I had to be away down at the other end of the orchard."

"I'm glad you wa'n't here," said his father, gravely. "You'd most likely 've got us all into trouble with your foolish rashness. How many of 'em did you say there was?"

"Two," replied Mary, "a young man and an old one."

"I'm a little mite afraid that's a be-ginnin'," said Gillam, passing his saucer for another helping of peaches. "We've most likely got to be dreadful careful, an' not give any 'casion for trouble—I'd hate like Sam Hill to get mixed up in any squabble with these people."

Going back over these first threatening indications after the bitter quarrel actually began, John Gillam could never quite trace the growth of the difficulty with his neighbors from this trivial beginning. His historian, however, is, happily, better informed. The

implacability of the mountaineers needed but little urging to break out into deeds of aggression, and the provocation was promptly furnished by Will Gillam. Rube Anderson, small farmer and alleged distiller of illicit whisky, whose intrusion had been his first approach to intercourse with the Gillams, chose to be offended at Mary's reminder concerning the ownership of the peaches. He had edified the loungers at the country store with an account of "that thar gal's biggitty ways," and as a matter of course his remarks were repeated with due exaggeration, not to Gillam but to his son. Whereupon the youth, who inherited but little of the peace-loving temper of his father, rode straight to Anderson's cabin and proceeded to give the mountaineers some very plain advice upon the subject of gossip in general, concluding the homily with something like a threat.

The grizzled old man took the reproof quietly, the shadow of a sarcastic smile coming and going on his sallow face as the boy warmed to his subject. "Is you-uns got thoo 'ith yer lecter?" he asked, as Will ran out of breath. "Kase, ef ye air, sence ye ben so free 'ith advice, mebbe ye'll take a little. You-uns hain't nothin' but a boy, an' 'tain't wuth while ter fool 'ith yer; but ef yer daddy's got any qua'l 'ith ol' Rube An'son, ye kin thess tell him 'at they's a plain dirt-road from you-uns' place to this yere. Ef he'll come, we-uns 'll give him a might' sight warmer welcome 'n what you-uns give us." After which speech, delivered slowly and with sinister emphasis, the old man turned back into the cabin, leaving young Gillam fuming in the road.

Instead of telling his father, and thus getting the benefit of a cooler judgment and better counsels, the boy nursed his wrath, easing it a little by boasting at the store how he had shown his resentment; and quite appeasing it a few days later by quarreling with and soundly thrashing young Jeff Anderson, whom he chanced to meet in the country road. Of all this John Gillam knew nothing; and when one morning he found his fence torn down and a herd of cattle in

the field, he was puzzled to account for such a display of animosity upon such slight grounds. This was the beginning of a series of annoyances at the hands of unknown—or at least, unidentified—enemies. Clothes-lines were cut, fruit-trees girdled, the spring was found filled with stones, and an atmosphere of small persecutions surrounded the "Russell place."

Gillam was patient and forbearing from principle, and for some time he endured uncomplainingly in the hope that the enmity of his persecutors would finally be disarmed by the policy of non-resistance. One morning, however, when he went to feed the stock, he found a half-burned pile of brush behind the barn; and this hint of the desperate purposes of his enemies convinced him that he must begin some measures of self-defense. Not until this day had he felt so keenly the helplessness which unnerves the migrant in a strange country; and he would have given much for a word of advice from some one who could point out a peaceable solution of the difficulty. Casting about in his mind for a friend with whom to take counsel, he thought of Major Carroll, who was his nearest neighbor among the valley folk. The major was a Southerner, and he must know these people well; and Gillam had had proof of his ready kindness in neighborly offers of assistance, and in many useful hints upon horticulture. He determined to go to the major with a plain recital of the facts, and, indeed, was on his way, when that gentleman met him at his own gate.

"I'm dreadful glad to see you, major. I was jest on my way to look you up; can't you ride in and sit a while?" Gillam held the gate open hospitably.

"I'm right glad to, seh; youh ver-andah looks mighty inviting this hot day." The major swung his ponderous figure from the saddle with the grace of a cavalier and followed Gillam to the porch, where the latter drew out a chair for his guest.

"I've been hevin' a little mite o' trouble lately, an' I've been wantin' to talk it over with you," said Gillam,

following this introduction of the matter with a narrative of the incidents of the persecution.

The major's florid face was a study during the recital. He leaned forward in his chair in an attitude of the closest attention, pulling at his enormous mustache and occasionally turning up the end of his pointed beard to bite it.

"And you sit thah and tell me that these heah scoundrels have been persecuting you-all that a-way!" he exclaimed when Gillam had finished. "You've been right much too enduring, seh—indeed, you have. It's a burning shame that in this good old state of Alabama a strangeh should meet up with such a reception! You should take up arms against such blackyardism, seh—just watch youh lot for a few nights, and th'ow a cha'ge of buckshot into the rascals!"

Gillam picked up a splinter of wood and whittled it meditatively.

"That'd be kind o' takin' the law into my own hands, would n't it, major?" he inquired.

"Not mo' than you have a right to, seh; every man's house is his castle, I reckon."

"I know," replied Gillam, "that's the old-fashion' idee—but you see, major, I was brought up in a country where a man is n't expected to be his own sheriff—an', besides, I dunno as my conscience'd let me shoot at a man."

"That's all right, Mr. Gillam; I 'preciate youh position right much, and I respect you greatly, seh. You No'thners set us a mighty good example, but you cyan't bring Massachusetts methods down heah and use 'em in dealing with a lot of low-down trash like Rube Ande'son and Jake Manders. They recognize nothing but the strong hand, seh."

"I dunno but you're 'bout right, major," said Gillam, reflectively, "an' yet I can't somehow bring myself to the p'int o' fightin' the devil with fire. I'll take your advice about watchin', though; it may give me a chance to get some sort o' evidence 'gainst some on 'em."

"That's right!" exclaimed the

Major, rising to go. "I'll come up myself, and bring Robert. If two is better than one, I reckon fo' will be better than two."

"I thank ye kindly, major—that's more than neighborly. I hain't askin' you to get mixed up in this squabble."

"I know that, seh, right well; but I choose to take a hand on my own account. We'll see if we cyan't stop this heah mischief."

That evening after supper the major and his son, armed with repeating rifles, rode up to the house and dismounted. Will took their horses to the stable, while Gillam welcomed his guests and placed chairs for them on the porch. Robert Carroll had just returned to his father's farm after an absence of some months, and this was his first visit to the "Russell place." When he had heard his father's story of the persecution he joined heartily in the proposition to stand guard; but this was merely a matter of course with the young Southerner, whose hospitality, like the major's, knew no bounds. When Mary Gillam joined the group on the porch the simple neighborly duty seemed somehow to rise by easy gradations from a mere act of kindness into something of far greater importance—the motive became more like a call to the defense of kindred.

"You've been away, have n't you?" asked Mary, taking the chair which Carroll hastened to offer her.

"Yes; father has a plantation down below Selma, and I've been riding it since the cotton season came on."

Commonplaces were soon exhausted and the talk languished. To Mary the unusual sight of the guns standing near brought an uncomfortable feeling of depression. Noticing the direction of her glances, Carroll asked: "Do you shoot, Miss Mary?"

"I should think not—I've never had a gun in my hands. Pa carries his interpretation of the fifth chapter of Matthew to a literal conclusion, and we've never had any arms in the house. Besides, you know, we've always lived in a quiet country neighborhood, where an appeal to the law

seemed the most natural thing in the world."

"I reckon it should here—and in saying that, I'm making a greater concession than you imagine. I say it should; but there are certain criminals—like your persecutors, here—that do n't think much of 'the law.'"

John Gillam heard this remark, and he turned to the major: "I see you've brought your guns, Major Carroll—there must n't be no blood spilt here to-night on our 'count.'"

The Major waved his hand courteously: "We're entirely under your orders, seh—most obediently. My own plan would be to give the rascals a volley, if they-all come 'round heah; but as you suggested turning them over to the proper authorities, I allowed even that might be right difficult without we had the means to enfo'ce our demands."

"I guess you're right," answered Gillam, knitting his brows. "I'll hev to admit that I can't seem to get down to my bearin's in this business."

The conversation became general when Will returned, and Mrs. Gillam brought out her knitting, and the migrants learned much of the history of the mountain from the major during the quiet evening hours. Robert Carroll and Mary sat a little apart, the girl listening to the major's stories while the young man sought to find a place for her in his classification of women. Farmers' daughters who worked with their hands—he had seen Mary put away her apron and pull down her sleeves as she came through the hall—were common enough, but they were not ladies within his definition of the much-abused word. His perplexity was pardonable, for he had only the examples afforded by the poorer whites of the farther South, and his idea of a working white woman presupposed ignorance and a severe lack of refinement. A few questions developed the fact that the Gillams kept no house-servants, and the conclusions hinted at by the bare arms and the apron were confirmed. Pursuing his investigations a little further, he presently drew Mary into a conversation about books. Her

first question made him sorry, and he was fain to struggle out of the literary pool as best he might.

"Did you say you had n't read Ibsen, Mr. Carroll?" she asked innocently.

"N-o, Miss Mary; that is to say, not very—not recently."

"You could n't have read him so very long ago—at least, not in English," she said, archly; and then the misguided young man relapsed hopelessly. It was evidently advisable to change the subject speedily, and the sight of the piano through the open window gave him a cue.

"Are you fond of music?" he inquired.

"Indeed I am—that was almost the only reason why I dreaded the move South; I had to give up my lessons."

"It's early yet—won't you play something for me?" asked Carroll, meaning, if possible, to avoid the shoals of a technical conversation on music.

Mary acquiesced, and Carroll pursued his investigation still further while turning her music. There was no help for it—he was obliged to change his classification; a process requiring time and thought, if one might judge by his silence and abstraction during the hour after the ladies went in and closed the house. They were all silent, for that matter. The softly shimmering haze, luminous with a saturation of moonlight; the soothing rustling of the pine-leaves in the gentle breathing of the summer wind; the harmonious discords of nature's orchestra, and more than all else, the occasion of the vigil, led naturally to the suppression of all the faculties save those of sight and hearing. John Gillam sat with folded arms, gazing steadily down the road to the south, while the major smoked innumerable cigars, and the two young men sat at the other end of the porch, talking occasionally in low tones.

The moon sailed higher and higher in the heavens; the black shadows of the pines grew shorter and then began to lengthen toward the east. "I reckon we're on a cold trail to-night," said

the major, finally, flinging his cigar-stump out into the grass.

"I kind o' thought I saw somebody dodgin' amongst the trees in the orchard a minute ago," replied Gillam, going closer to the leafy screen of sweet honeysuckle covering that end of the porch.

The major rose and joined him. "You're right," he said, peering through the vines. "S-s-s-t! young gentlemen—come heah; quietly, if you please"—and as the others came up—"yonder are the men we're looking for, coming up through the orcha'd! You two take to the back of the house and go 'round the barn—close in when I whistle, and you, Robert, cover the nearest man with your rifle. Don't lose any time, and don't let 'em see you."

The intruders advanced slowly and cautiously, dodging from shadow to shadow until they reached the orchard fence. Crawling through an opening in this, they crept silently toward the barn, followed by Gillam and the major. The latter would have proceeded to extremities at once, but Gillam restrained him with a word. "Better let's take 'em red-handed, if we can," he said. "It'll kind o' simplify matters for the judge."

They had not long to wait. The men kept in the shadow of the barn-yard fence, following the latter until they reached the building. Then their pursuers heard a crackling of dry twigs, and the odor of kerosene was wafted to them on the breeze.

"I reckon it's sure arson, this time," whispered the major, half bringing his rifle to bear on the crouching figures. "If that was my barn, they-all would n't be any expense to the cyounty."

"I guess you had n't better shoot," interposed Gillam. "We can get 'em easy enough now, without killin' 'em."

As he spoke a bright blaze leaped up beside the barn; the major gave a shrill whistle and the two men sprang back, to find themselves covered by rifles from both sides. Will kicked the fire away from the barn, and the captors closed in upon their prisoners.

"Th'ow up your hands, Jake Manders—and you, too, Ande'son!" exclaimed the major, sternly. "Nice business you-all got into this heah time—a burning out honest people!"

Gillam lacked nothing in decision or usefulness because of his peaceable characteristics; in a few minutes he had both men disarmed and bound securely. Directing Will to get out the horses, he turned to the elder Carroll: "Major, if it hain't askin' too much, I'd like awful well to hev you go to town with me; I want to turn these men over to the sheriff right away an' get 'em off my mind."

"Of cou'se I will," replied the major, relapsing into courteous habit again as soon as the excitement had subsided. "It will affo'd me much pleasure. Robert, heah, will stay with youh son till we get back."

When the horses were put to the wagon, the men were ordered to climb in. A moment's hesitation brought the major's rifle up threateningly. "Get in thah!" he commanded. "Seems like you-all ought to know me!"

The mountaineers obeyed sullenly. When Gillam was tying them into the wagon-box, Anderson spoke for the first time.

"This yere qua'lain't none o' yourn, major; but I 'low like we-uns 'll git squar' ith this yere low-down Yankee 'fore he gits thoo 'ith hit."

"You dry up, Rube Ande'son—you-all gwine to be put where you cyan't burn any barns for a spell, if thah's any law left in old Alabama," replied the major.

Gillam climbed into the wagon and took the reins from Will; and Major Carroll mounted beside him, facing backward, with his rifle across his knees. Robert opened the gate for them, and when they had driven away the two younger men went to the house to await their return.

II.

After the storm of persecution a calm, peaceful and serene, settled down over the "Russell place." Anderson and Manders were bound over for trial

on a charge of incendiarism, and, awaiting the judicial sifting, languished in the county jail. The episode of their capture led to a pleasant intimacy between the Carrolls and the family on the mountain, the major coming frequently to smoke his evening cigar upon the farm-house porch, and finding a real pleasure in the society of the somewhat insular New Englanders. From the regularity with which Robert accompanied his father on these visits, it is fair to assume that his reclassification of the gentler sex had progressed favorably so far as Mary was concerned; and if the girl found the young Southerner somewhat deficient in knowledge of the abstruser sort, there was a pleasant compensation in his inexhaustible fund of information upon other subjects. He knew his native mountains and valleys and their folk-lore, and he could tell her the names of all the unfamiliar plants and flowers. After a little they fell into the habit of sauntering out to the edge of the cliff to see the sun go down behind the Cumberlands; and on these short excursions Carroll often lost much of the beauty of the natural panorama by watching the shades of delight and appreciation come and go on the face of his companion.

"It's very beautiful," she said, as they stood one evening looking out over the valley of the Tennessee. "I do n't wonder that you Southerners love your country."

"I'm right glad you like it," he rejoined. "I used to think that a person had to be kin to it by birth to feel as we do about it."

"I do n't think that's necessary—at least it is n't true in my own case. I think I appreciate it all the more keenly because I've never known anything like it before."

"Has it ever occurred to you that people living in mountainous countries are always the most patriotic?" he asked.

"I had never thought of it—is it true?"

"I don't remember any exceptions. Take the Scotch Highlanders and the Swiss for examples; perhaps neither

country is worth fighting over, yet it cost more than one was worth to subdue it, and the other has never been entirely conquered."

"That's so; how do you account for it?"

"I have a queer theory of my own. People who live in flat countries never get to see far enough, and what they do see is dull and commonplace; but the mountaineer has his country set up edgewise, and he can't help getting better acquainted with it every day. Do you think there's anything in that?"

"There may be a great deal—it's a good thought, anyway," replied Mary, as they turned from the cliff to walk back to the house.

These were pleasant summer days, full of innocent enjoyment for Mary, whose New England conservatism melted and disappeared before the kindly manners and respectful familiarity of the young Southerner. As she came to know him better she began to see that the glory of a man is not altogether of the schools, and that a painful ignorance of the latest literary fad is not to be taken as conclusive evidence of a vacant mind. She also learned to appreciate the deferential ministrations of his friendship. He was always ready to anticipate her wishes in a chivalrous way that was quite as grateful as it was unexpected. One day he brought her a copy of Ibsen, obtained at the cost of a trip to Chattanooga.

"I reckon I know now why you laughed at me," he said, when she had thanked him.

Mary blushed. "That was mean in me; I was sorry for it a moment after, but—"

"I'm right glad you said it," interrupted Carroll. "If you had n't, I reckon I might have gone on indefinitely without ever knowing who Ibsen is."

Mary was sufficiently undemonstrative, after her kind, but there was something in his gentle courtesy that prompted her reply. "It would n't have been such a dreadfully deplorable thing if you had—there are other and

better things than one gets out of books, and I'm beginning to find out what some of them are. Won't you put up your horse and come in, Mr. Carroll?"

"No, thank you, Miss Mary; I've got to be getting back to the valley."

"He is the son of the major," she said to her mother, after he had ridden away. "He ought to be thankful for his inheritance."

"What inheritance?" inquired Mrs. Gillam, naturally in the dark as to the train of thought leading up to the remark.

"Oh, his temperament, I suppose you would say; the leisurely habits that give him time to be thoughtful and courteous."

"He is rather like his father in that way," was the reply, and the mother wondered if, after all, abundant leisure would not account in some measure for the difference in manners North and South.

"The major is just my ideal of a gentleman of the old school," continued Mary. "I can't conceive of his ever stooping to do a mean thing, or even forgetting himself so far as to be discourteous."

"Nor I either, an' what puzzles me is, how sech a man as him could ever make up his mind to fight ag'in' the United States!"

Mary smiled. "I'm afraid that's a bit of the insularity they charge us with, mother," she said. "I'm beginning to see how it might have looked very different to them down here. Perhaps we should have been rebels ourselves if we'd lived in Alabama instead of in Massachusetts."

"Why, Mary Gillam—how you talk! Why, the very idee of sech a thing! And after your great-grandfather fought in the Revolution—I'm scand'lized!"

"Perhaps the major's grandfather did too," turning her face away to hide her amusement. "You remember Washington was a Virginian."

"Yes, I s'pose he was—but then he could n't help that," responded Mrs. Gillam, beginning to have a dim sense of moral insecurity as it dawned upon her that she, too, was living in the

heart of the late Southern Confederacy, and so could no longer view it from afar.

Pleasant days, of bright sunshine and unclouded skies, when the foreshadowing of the storm was not; days when the life at the "Russell place" flowed in peaceful channels, and the summer's ending seemed afar off. It was in the afternoon of the fairest of them that Carroll came to the farmhouse to ask Mary if she would ride across the mountain with him. She assented, but before they had reached the lookout on the point opposite Bridgeport, dark masses of cloud began to gather on the summit of the Cumberlands, mounting and spreading slowly, as if invisible hands were drawing a sinister curtain between the smiling skies and the gladsome earth. With the first cool puffs of air they turned their horses' heads homeward, reaching the farm so far in advance of the storm that Carroll refused Mary's invitation to stay until it was over. "I reckon I'd better not," he said. "Tom Byam was to come over later in the evening to see about trading his mules, and I promised to meet him." Then his usual thoughtfulness prompted him to add, "If you're any fearsome about the storm, Miss Mary, I'll be right glad to stay with you till it's over; father can talk to Tom."

"I'm sure you need n't stay on that account," replied the girl, laughing lightly. "I rather enjoy a storm when I'm not obliged to be out in it."

"Then I reckon I'd better not lose any time; may I come up again this evening if the weather'll let me?"

"Why, certainly—we're always glad to see you. Good-bye." She stood on the porch looking after him until horse and man disappeared among the pines. There was a chill in the air, and she shivered as she turned to enter the house.

"I do n't see for the life o' me where your father and William can be," said Mrs. Gillam, as Mary came in.

"They went over to the wood-lot by the Punch Bowl, did n't they?"

"Yes, an' they've had time to go twice. Father was proper anxious

about the hay, too, an' now it'll get wet." A distress not born of the fear of material loss crept into her voice. Ever since the beginning of the feud, Hannah Gillam had been oppressed by an indefinable foreboding, rising at times almost to a conviction, that something terrible would befall husband or son or both—a dread which even the arrest of the mountaineers failed to abate—and she lived in terror when the men were away, not so much for herself and Mary, as for the fear of what might happen to the absent ones. On this day there was sufficient cause for anxiety, had she known it. Gillam and his son drove to the wood-lot that afternoon, reaching it just as the storm was gathering. Hitching the horses, they began a hasty survey of the timber, hoping to return to the house before the rain came. They had penetrated to the depths of the forest and stood looking down into the curious gorge known as the "Punch Bowl." It is a deep, crater-like depression in the mountain, nearly circular in form, with precipitous sides pitching down in sharp angles from the level surface of the plateau. The bowl-shaped walls are continuous save at a single point on the eastern side, where the water from a great spring, gushing from a yawning cavern in the opposite cliff, finds an outlet.

The air was hushed and stagnant and full of the inarticulate voices of the coming tempest. Will shivered as a puff of wind, dank and chill as with the breath of the cavern, came up the cliff. "Let's go home," he said, stepping back from the precipice. Gillam, turning with him, saw a little cloud of blue smoke curl up among the branches of a fallen tree a few yards distant and heard the sharp, vibrant crack of a rifle ring out upon the heavy air. The boy staggered, took a step forward and fell on his face in the grass. Gillam stood in bewilderment for a moment, as if expecting him to rise again; then he dropped on his knees beside the motionless form and raised it in his arms. As he did so, two men rushed at him from the cover of the undergrowth. A single swift glance identified them, and

putting the body of his son down again, Gillam essayed to get upon his feet. Before he could rise, the men were upon him, and in another instant the three were writhing and twisting in fierce contortions over the trampled grass of the little glade.

The struggle was brief, cruel, and decisive; it was two against one, and one of the assailants used a cudgel freely. When it was over, Gillam lay stretched upon the ground, wrapped and bound into mummy-like rigidity with a cotton rope, a knotted turn of the cord serving the purpose of a gag. Rube Anderson, panting from the violence of his late exertions, stood over him, exulting and malignant; while young Jeff picked up his empty gun and began to reload it. Manders, who had remained aloof during the struggle, waiting with poised rifle to end it summarily if need be, now stood near the body of the fallen youth, kicking it gently, to see if there yet remained any life therein.

"Thess thort like ye'd plum got red o' ol' Rube An'son when you-uns done shet him ep in jail—thess 'lowed like we-uns 'd stay shet ep like er couple o' sco'tched rabbits in a holler log, didn't yer?" Anderson emphasized and punctuated the question with brutal oaths. "'Lowed like ye'd raise hell 'ith yer Yankee tricks, a-runnin' we-uns off 'm the mounting—oh, ye kin twis' an' squirm all ye likes, we-uns thess gwine do you-uns right this yere time. Come yere, Jeff."

Together they lifted Gillam and stood him upright against a tree, lashing him there with a few more turns of the rope. "Reckoned ye mought want ter watch the boy, so 't he wouldn't fall off 'm the rock whilst we-uns go an' pay our 'spec's ter the Missis an' the gal. Hope ye'll done say yer pra'rs 'fore we-uns gits back, kase they won't be no time afterwards."

A cold sweat broke out in great drops on Gillam's brow and ran down in little rivulets over his face. The fell purpose of his assailants was plain; he understood that his life had been spared so that he might suffer vicariously, bound and helpless within a few feet of

the body of his son, while the sack of his home went on with no one to help or to warn the defenseless inmates. His agony, denied every other form of expression, painted itself upon his features in swollen veins and ghastly contortions. Anderson would have prolonged the torture, but Manders hurried him away: "You-uns 'll fool 'round yere till they's a posse out, an' I reckon ye know what that means now. We-uns better git thoo an' cl'ar out o' yere 'fore the cap'n fin's out 'at we-uns done got away."

When he was left alone, John Gillam lived endless years of torment in a single minute; then blessed unconsciousness came to save him from madness.

Before the wagon came in sight at the foot of the lane, Hannah Gillam's apprehensions had risen successively through all the gradations between simple anxiety and pitiable terror, and she had at last communicated something of the latter to her daughter. They were standing at the window when the mother caught sight of the plunging horses coming into the lane. "There they are!" she exclaimed, the tears in her voice telling how great was the reversion from the terror of a moment before. A few drops of rain, the skirmish line of the approaching storm, fell at intervals, blurring the landscape. It was yet early evening, but the lowering clouds brought twilight with them, and for a little time the two women could only discern a two-horse team, driven at its best speed through the yielding sand of the road.

"Father isn't sparin' the hosses—it isn't much like him to drive so fast through the sand," said the mother, straining her eyes to make out the familiar form at the reins.

Mary had noticed the unusual haste, and her younger eyes soon distinguished three persons in the wagon.

"It's not our team," she said, and then as it came nearer—"yes it is, too, but there are three in the wagon. Oh, mother! it's the two Andersons and Manders, and they're coming here!"

Her fear realized itself almost while she was speaking. Before the two women could get to the door to fasten

it, the intruders were in the house, demanding money and valuables.

"Thess shuck 'em out right lively, too; we-uns hain't got no time ter th'ow away, and hit's gwine ter be a heap wusser fer you-uns ef ye don't hurry," said the elder Anderson threateningly.

Now that the real danger had come in tangible form, Hannah Gillam rose to meet it heroically. Putting Mary aside, she faced the mountaineer.

"We hain't no money in the house—we know better'n to keep it here. An' if we had, you shouldn't get it!"

"By the 'Mighty!'" shouted Anderson, "you-uns thess 'low 'at we-uns come yere to be stood off by a couple o' weemin? Ef ye don't shell out mighty peart, we-uns 'll thess burn yer dern shanty an' you-uns in hit! Turn loose, boys, an' let's see what we kin fin'!"

In a moment the floor of the trim sitting-room was strewn with a wreck of demolished furniture; drawers were broken open and their contents thrown into a heap in the middle of the room; Gillam's desk was ransacked, and Manders, who had procured an ax with which to break open a chest of drawers, first tried its edge upon the piano. At this last act of vandalism, Mary's anger overcame her fear.

"You would n't dare—" the tears choked her. "Oh, if my father and brother were here!"

"They cain't come," said Manders laconically, pausing with the ax suspended. "Kase why—kase ther young un's got a bullet thoo his'n haid, an' the ol' man, he's thess a-waitin' tell we-uns gits back ter go the same road."

As he spoke, Anderson called from another room:

"Come in yere, boys—yere's the money-chist."

Manders tossed a lighted match into the pile of debris on the floor as he went out, and Mary was left alone with her mother, who had fainted when she grasped the meaning of the brutal speech. In the brief respite thus given her, there came to the girl, leaping over generations of peaceable, plodding ancestors, the spirit of some intrepid

maid or matron of her lineage, whose faith was proved in the trials of the days when our fore-elders built their homes in the somber wilderness of the New World. Gathering the slight form of her mother in her arms, she ran through the thickening smoke out into the yard, and pausing there for a moment to gather her skirts and to get a firmer hold upon her burden, she fled down the path toward the edge of the cliff nearest the farm-house.

The escarpment of Sand Mountain at this point is a rugged precipice of sandstone, seamed and rifted, rising vertically from the rough forest-covered talus which forms the side of the mountain. At the base of the cliff, bubbling limpid and cool under the shadow of the overhanging rock, is a clear deep pool, known for miles along the mountain crest—from the good man who first discovered it and then carved its bowl in the soft stone—as Frater's Spring. Down the face of the cliff there runs a narrow zigzag ledge, broken into precarious foot-holds in places, its lower end shelving abruptly to the pool; and other than this, there is no pathway from the summit to the base of the precipice for some distance in either direction. I climbed the narrow trail not long since with the story of Mary Gillam fresh in my mind, and wondered at the courage and fortitude of the girl.

She put her mother down at the verge of the cliff and glanced back at the house. The muffled blows of the axe could still be heard, telling that the devastation was yet incomplete; but a thin column of smoke, rising in slowly widening circles from one of the gables, measured the life of the old house, and told the girl there was no time to be lost if she would bring aid to her father. The Carroll farm, the nearest place where she could expect to get help, was two miles distant by the road, and more than a mile away in a straight line down the mountain; the hopelessness of an endeavor to reach it in time, and the thought of the hazardous path at her feet down which she must carry the inanimate form of her mother, dismayed her; but she gave herself no

time to speculate upon the frail possibilities of success. With a little prayer for strength, she lifted her burden again and began the perilous descent. Twice she grew faint and giddy, but she did not slip or fall; step by step she crept down the narrow path, clinging, limpet-like, to the rough wall of the cliff. At length she felt the level ground under her feet again, and the sense of relief was so great that it well nigh proved more disastrous than the danger. She trembled and grew weak in every joint; the forest and the cliff whirled in fantastic circles around her—then the thought of what yet remained to be done brought the tension back again. She laid her mother down tenderly under an overhanging shelf of the rock, stripping off her own skirt to put under her head; and then, with a quick glance around to get her bearings, she began her flight down the mountain. The sharp descent was strewn with broken rock, which soon cut her thin shoes into shreds, while the bushes and briars tore her clothing and lacerated her flesh; fallen trees, with their dead branches reaching out like spectral fingers, barred her way, tripping and throwing her headlong as she sprang over them; the long-threatened tempest burst in all the fury of a summer storm, sweeping up the mountain, and drenching and chilling her to the bone; but she did not swerve from her course or slacken her speed until she fell panting at the major's door. The kindly old man saw the disheveled figure of the girl flying up the avenue, and he hastened to meet her, shouting for Robert as he ran.

"Why, good God!" he exclaimed, as she sank exhausted at the veranda steps, "it's Miss Mary! What's happened to you, my pore child?" and he gathered her in his arms and carried her into the house, placing her tenderly upon a sofa, while Robert—with the thoughtful delicacy of a woman—hastily pulled down one of the portières to cover her torn garments.

"Oh, major!" she gasped, "don't mind me—Anderson and Manders have broken jail—they've killed Will and they're going back to kill father!"

The major grasped the situation with the aptness of an old campaigner. "Get the horses out, Robert!" he exclaimed. "Do n't lose a minute! Aunt Hetty, you send John to Bridgeport for Doc Hilyard, and take care of Miss Mary youhself till he comes. Now, my pore gyirl!"—turning again to Mary—"tell me all you know, and I reckon we'll be in time yet."

"Father and Will went to the wood lot down by the Punch Bowl about three o'clock, and the two Andersons and Manders came up from that direction about an hour later. They're burning our house now, and Manders said they'd killed Will and were going back to kill father—oh, major, please do n't delay!"

"Not an instant, my deah child—but one mo' question. Where's your mother?"

"Under the cliff by the spring—she fainted and I carried her there."

"The horses are ready," said Robert, thrusting his face in at the door; "come on, father." And the major, telling Mary to be of good cheer, hastened out and swung into his saddle; then the rifles were handed up, and the two men swept down the avenue and turned into the mountain road.

The pride of the Southern planter is in his horses, and the two animals under the major and his son were thoroughbred and equal to the stiff task before them. On they went, galloping through the tenacious mud of the steep road, keeping the same rhythmic swing until the plateau was gained. As the riders turned into the main road, Robert shouted at the sight of a group of armed horsemen just ahead of them; it was the sheriff's posse from Bridgeport in pursuit of the fugitives. Explanations quickly passed, and then the sheriff led the way into a cut-off leading to the Punch Bowl, the little troop following at a sharp gallop. They dismounted at a short distance from the scene of the tragedy, and tying the horses in a thick grove of laurels, quickly entered the glade. The rigid form of the old man, his white hair beaten by the rain into sodden masses over his brow, was still

lashed to the tree; the body of the boy was lying as it had fallen.

"The infernal devils 've killed 'em both!" exclaimed the sheriff; but even as he spoke the faint sound of wagon wheels in the distance announced the return of the outlaws, and the officer hastily disposed his men so as to surround the glade.

The three mountaineers came on recklessly and carelessly, like men drunken with rapine. Manders alone seemed to appreciate their danger, and he was expostulating with Anderson as the trio came within hearing. "Thess seem like you-uns gone plum crazy," he grumbled. "Fust losin' an hour a-huntin' fer the blame' weemin, an' now a-comin' back yere ter kill a dead man! Blame' ef ever I see sich—"

The interruption was the voice of the sheriff, commanding them to drop their guns. Anderson's reply was to throw his rifle to his shoulder, sending a bullet whistling into the bushes in the direction of the speaker. As if his shot were a preconcerted signal, angry spurts of red fire sprang from the forest on all sides of them and the walls of the Punch Bowl reverberated with a roar as of mimic thunder. When the smoke lifted, there was only a formless heap of bodies where the outlaws had been standing.

Major Carroll sat on his own veranda, swinging gently back and forth in a huge rocking-chair, and smoking the first of a series of after-supper cigars. Opposite him, in the easiest of invalid-chairs, upon the arms of which his fingers slowly clasped and unclasped themselves in the nervousness of returning vitality, reclined his neighbor of the mountain. The experience of that terrible afternoon, now two months in the past, had left only a shadow of the man; but the same patient courage, which was the strong warp in the fabric of his character, still gleamed in the sunken eyes and stamped itself in deeply-graven lines upon the haggard face. A violent fever, whose delirium was already upon him when they cut his bonds, had taken him very near to

death; and the faithful wife and daughter had more than once despaired. He raved incessantly of Will, recounting again and again the scene in the forest and the murder of his son. They made every effort to convince him that Will, who had been only stunned by young Anderson's bullet, was alive and well, and at last they succeeded. From that he began to mend, and his first act after coherent speech returned was characteristic of the man. He asked the major to hire men and to set them at work rebuilding the farm-house.

"I came down here cal'latin' to stay," he said feebly. "There 's enough money in the bank in Chattanooga to pay the bills."

On this particular evening, he was lying back in the depths of his chair in that condition of quiet ecstasy which is the joy of convalescence. He had been watching the slant rays of the sun, falling in broad bands of mellow radiance across the autumn-painted forest, skipping the shaded valley and lighting up the yellow waters of the Tennessee beyond until the dimpled surface of the stream glowed like a river of molten iron.

"It 's a proper good land, major," he said at the end of a long interval of silence, "a good land an' a kind-hearted people."

"It 's tol'able kyind of you to say that, seh," replied the major. "I reckon you 've found some of the people mighty mean and low-down."

"Yes, that 's a fact," rejoined Gillingham, speaking slowly and gazing steadily at the burnished river. "Some on 'em 's pretty consid'able mean, but then ag'in, there 's others that 'll stick to a man jest as if they was own brother to him. I cal'late you 've done a good deal more for me, major, than I 'll ever be able to pay ye back."

Major Carroll waved his hand toward the lower end of the avenue where Robert and Mary were leaning on the gate watching the sunset. "I reckon the young people 'll know how to settle all of that, seh," he replied, taking a fresh cigar from the box on the railing and lighting it. "There cyan't well be any obligations betwixt kinfolks."



WITH powdered locks and brocade gown,
 Fresh as a young rose just ablow,
 From out her picture she looks down—
 My sweet coquette of long ago.
 Ere time her beauty could dispel
 Or dim the dark eyes' laughing light,
 Love's art immortalized this belle
 Who danced with Washington one night.

The town was glad with laugh and song,
 The streets and windows all agleam,
 While in the ball-room, vast and long,
 Awoke the music's witching dream.
 Rare gems and orders glistened there
 On velvet coats and breasts of snow,
 While o'er the wide floor, waxed and bare,
 The stately throngs passed to and fro.

The old men laid stern cares aside
 And jested like gay youths once more ;
 The dowagers in stately pride
 Trailed their stiff brocades o'er the floor ;
 For War had put his sword away,
 And roses masked his horrid frown,
 And Love and Life kept holiday
 Within the little Eastern town.

The Frenchmen who had brought us aid
 Across the ocean's stormy water,
 Now, as the flutes and viols played,
 Led out each Continental's daughter.
 And Washington stood by to see
 The grace and joyance of the dance ;
 He praised the minstrels' melody
 And smiled response to every glance.

And she was there, this sweet coquette,
 Brave in rich silks and ribbons gay,
 Fair as a young rose newly wet
 By heaven's own dew at bloom of day.
 Yes, she was there ; she smiled, she frowned
 Upon her suitors, every one
 Who gathered eagerly around,
 Like Aztecs worshipping the sun.

One held her glove and one her fan,
One followed madly where she led,
One deemed himself a happy man
To win a smile—though soon it fled.
At last, when every heart was sore—
Yet in its sadness did adore her—
Across the wide and polished floor
Came Washington and bowed before her.

Ah! then the music sweeter grew,
The little April notes seemed laughing,
And in an instant 'ere she knew
The last sweet bit of idle chaffing,
Her gallant partner led her out—
Her long train rustling soft behind her—
While all the minstrels thronged about,
As if with music to enwind her.

But, no, t' was not for them to play
The strain when Love and Valor met,
The gallant Frenchmen took away
The instruments—ah! Minuet,
So sweetly played—each son of France
Bent o'er the strings and swept them light;
They played for Beauty's self to dance
With General Washington that night.

Methinks I hear the silvery notes
And see the gay musicians stand
In buckled shoes and velvet coats,
The light bow in each jeweled hand.
I see the general's powdered head
Bent o'er her gloved hand, small and slim,
And, as the Minuet they tread,
He bows to her—she smiles on him.

Perchance now, as her eyes look down
Upon the careless passer by,
Her dream is of that Eastern town,
And of the vanished revelry.
Oh, cruel Time, to treat amiss
A face so radiantly bright
And of her history leave but this—
She danced with Washington one night.



THE BOOMER'S BABY.

A Cherokee Strip Sketch.

BY PAULINE C. R. STONE.



"TO-MORROW IT MIGHT
BE TOO LATE."

I.

THEY all looked tired. The horses walked with heads low and pendulous, slacked traces hanging by their dripping flanks. The dog trotted under the wagon, looking as if he had long ago grown automatic, or was a part of the loaded vehicle and not a free agent. In the cool morning he

had gone sniffing into every fence row, making excursions into field and wood, wading in wayside pools, challenging every passing dog; but now he jogged along with weary feet and half-closed eyes, in a way that told of a day of hard travel. The man that walked at the wheel had a tired droop to his body. His clothes lay in creases about his shoulders and thighs, and these creases were marked by the white dust of the Kansas road. But the figure that spoke most eloquently of weariness was on the spring seat of the white-covered wagon. The canvas cover had been turned back from the front hoop that held it over their heads, so that, now the sun was getting low, this weary, calico-clad, sun-bonneted woman might get the breeze. It came dry and warm over the rustling corn and long dusty hedges, but she was glad to have it fan her sun-burned cheek.

"How much further are you goin' to go?" this woman asked of the dusty man.

"Well, I dunno." Before he answered her he rubbed his hand across his grizzled chin and looked ahead

down that hill and up the next. His neck was stretched forward and out, not unlike a turtle's. It gave him an eager but baffled look as if he had long looked toward an object that constantly receded. Many men throughout this region have that look in their faces.

They had not noticed two men sitting by the road-side—one perched on a stone that marked the corner of a section of land, the other seated on the grass. Both were barefoot. Both had the tanned skin, the eye, pale in color and reddened at its edges, the crisp, unkempt hair and beard, the yellow, uneven teeth, the horny hands that tell of a life spent in wresting a subsistence from the earth. As the wagon stopped beside them they scarcely turned their eyes, much less giving the full front and attentive gaze that asks questions and promises interest. No preliminary salutations were exchanged. Said the man of the wagon: "Can you-all tell me how far 't is to Kedah Spring?"

"'Bout a mile," answered he of the corner stone.

"'Bout three-quarter, ain't it, Joe?" said the other.

"Oh! I reckon so. I dun-no."

The tired dog sat down in the dust under the wagon. The tired horses hung their heads a little lower, and brushed the flies from their heaving sides. The tired woman stirred in the seat, took off her split sun-bonnet, and, rolling it up, put it behind her. The tired man looked down at his dusty boots and up along the dusty road, as if he were wondering how much longer one could measure the other. Then they moved on. After going a half dozen steps he said, over his shoulder, "I'm obliged to yer." Neither answered, but when the wagon had jolted down into the hollow, said he of the rock, "More er them damned boomers."



"MAYBE HE WILL DO A GREAT WORK, MY DEARS."

"Yep," said the other, "he'd 'a' better staid in Mizzoura."

They knew he was from Missouri, because so many like him had gone along that way during the spring and summer months.

This road led south across the last two counties of Southern Kansas to "the Strip"—the Strip that had been given to the Cherokee Indians and was now to be opened to white settlers. Long ago the cattle men, who leased the land of the Indians, had been driven off. "Give a white man as good a chance as a Texas steer," the people all urged. The eager settlers had regarded this as assurance that it was soon to be opened to settlement, so, early in the spring of '93, they had begun to gather at the lines of the adjoining states. All summer along this road they had come. To the men in the corn rows and harvest fields they seemed adventurers, idlers, insolent in their leisure. They had forgotten, in the ten or fifteen intervening years, how they themselves had come, in just such wagons and with just such patient slowness, to their now well cultivated farms. The two men by the road were exchanging, in drawling tones, some neighborhood news—matters of crops and "help" and sickness, chiefly. They had thought of going on to Kedah Springs for their mail, which consisted of the "Wichita Weekly News." Letters they received only at long intervals. One had

been heard to exclaim at the sight of an envelope, "Well, I wonder who's dead back home now!"

But why did he damn the boomer? Because he was not at work, nor could be for months. Everybody, except the eager settlers, knew it would be a long time before the red tape necessary for any of Uncle Sam's official acts would unwind itself. Then, too, he suspected him of drawing a pension.

"How can a man be a-trailin' 'round the yearth 'less he's a-drawin' pay? What's he goin' to eat, him and his children? They're all got a wife and children. No batchin' for them, damn 'em!"

Further, he suspected the travelers, most unjustly, of testing his roasting ears, his hay, and his melons. The merchant waited on the boomer with a bad grace, for he looked long and bought little, blocking up the streets with his wagons and buggies, lead horses, colts, and dogs. So in country and in town the boomer was damned. Seeing things in their true light would have taught them this was an unnecessary function. If poverty, and hardship, and weariness, and sickness were not enough they might add their curses.

For its capacity to carry things high and leave them hopelessly shattered and valueless, the Western town "boom" might aptly be compared to the Western cyclone. In a nest of those beautiful green, softly rounded hills that are such a revelation to Eastern eyes, accustomed to angles, lay Kedah Springs. Here

could be found seven kinds of medicinal water, a sky that compared with Italy's in its deep and restful blue, a never failing southern breeze, and a rich soil. But the speculator had put up the great hotel and bath-house, run up the price of lots, created fictitious values, and gone elsewhere. Those that got away didn't care; those that stayed were sorry.

The only demonstration of regret was a heavy down-pour of rain—a cloud-burst, the newspaper correspondent called it—which caused the artificial lake to rise and carry away the banks that held it captive. The sick who came to drink and bathe in the waters regretted the lost lake, but no one had planned to re-dam it. It was not a boomer.

When the sun, like a great golden ball, was slipping down behind the green hills, the boomer's outfit came slowly down into the scattered town. But the boomer's wife did not think of the sun as a beautiful golden ball. Its hot rays had beaten on the wagon cover all day. She was glad it was down.

In a cotton-wood grove by the springs, about a hundred yards from the big hotel, they camped. It was Saturday night. "It is only eight miles now to the Strip," the man said. "We'll rest to-morrow." So all day Sunday, the boomer's wife sat in or close around her wagon. She watched the sick people come down to the springs and go feebly away. She saw the country people come in crowds, drink and chatter and go. During the afternoon a crowd of pretty girls came. One of them wore a white, lace-trimmed dress, looking in it only as a woman born south of Mason and Dixon's line can look. That reminded Mary. She opened a small old-fashioned trunk that was in one corner of the wagon and handled very tenderly some little garments there. They were not purple and fine linen. One little gown—the only white one—had pinned to its tiny sleeve a bit of lace. She would sew it on. But it was Sunday. Yes, but she must sew it on. To-morrow it might be too late.

And it would have been.

At last all the passers were gone. The boomers spread down their bed in

the wagon, putting all their other possessions under the wagon, where they were guarded by the dog, not weary and lifeless to-day but alert and belligerent. Having stood or walked about all day the man was weary and was soon fast asleep. But the woman was awake. She had time to listen to the wind sighing among the tall marsh grasses that grew in the lake bed, to hear the rustle of the cottonwood leaves, to wonder if the little birds, whose soft twitter came to her ears, had their heads under their wings or were peering about in the darkness. She thought of her home back in the Missouri mountains. It had not been much of a home; she was an orphan who worked out, until the big Ben had married her a year ago. She thought her life a very dreary one as she looked back on it to-night; she felt very ill and miserable and so fell a-crying. Ben was awakened. He brought the village doctor, a great soft-handed, soft-voiced man. He was as gentle with the boomer's wife and as tender with the boomer's child as if they had been great folk. The next morning the ladies at the hotel expressed themselves as amazed, shocked, amused, or indignant. The majority felt very righteous in the last sentiment, and expressed themselves without reserve until one quiet woman said: "Maybe the little boomer will do a great work in the world, my dears. He is not the first babe that was born of parents too poor to find room in the inn."

They had all forgotten that, it seems. But then that happened long ago—eighteen hundred years.

Mary grew very familiar with the sound of the wind in the tall salt grass and among the cottonwood trees. The baby seemed to thrive, she was young and strong. At the end of a week they went on.

II.

The tall green corn needed rain. The hot wind went rustling and whispering among its green blades and dusted the earth with its golden brown pollen. The wheat harvest was over,

and here and there could be heard the whirr of the threshing machine. There were great orchards of apples and peaches bending with fruit. There were miles of beautiful, close-clipped hedge. The houses standing in uninclosed yards looked comfortable and prosperous enough.

"Well, Mary," said Ben, looking back to see her resting with the baby in the middle of the wagon, "this is God's country, ain't it? Five year from now we'll have a home like these right across here in the Strip. They tell me that ten year ago this country looked just like the Strip does now. I tell *you* this is a great country, where a man can get a home for the askin'! I'm glad I'm a 'Merican citizen, I am."

On the state line between Kansas and the Cherokee Strip is a wide road. To this they came. There it lay—the promised land. The long, soft-swell-ing hills were covered with the fine light-green grass. Do you know the beautiful tender green that comes to your fields when the winter grain is just peeping up and the leaf buds are just bursting? When the bluebird and martin are house-hunting, with no small twittering and flutter of dainty wings? This is the green that carpeted the earth as far as Ben's glad sight could reach. Not a tree was to be seen, but he knew they were along the streams. He had not studied the "Cherokee News" and "Boomer's Guide" for nothing.

At the World's Fair they built streets to show the curious just how odd a bit of foreign town can be. They have proven interesting and profitable attractions, but not more unique than this street down which Ben and Mary now drove. There are some sights only possible in these United States. They drove eastward. To their right lay the wide, rolling prairie. Near the



"A PAIR OF TINY RED SHOES."

road it was cropped close by horses and cows staked out there, but further out the grass was high enough to ripple in the wind. To their left stretched a continuous row of houses—and such houses! Here was a dug-out, next an arbor of boughs with one or two canvas sides, then a shanty of upright planks, or a "dobie." One man had made for himself a house of old tin. Another had a great hollow haystack in which his family slept and found shelter from the rain. There were tents of every size and kind. Wagons were put to the most unique uses. Some stood the cover off and used that as a bed-room. Others had the body, bottom up, standing on four short poles—looking like a great dead-fall waiting to crush the prostrate sleepers. Many had erected a frail pretense of a house on the wagon. This sort of a settler was ready to drive to his claim and begin housekeeping.

No reader of the newspapers needs to be told how this land was to be settled. Each man must pledge himself to be a bona-fide settler and be provided with a badge to wear on his shirt



"HE HAD BEEN IN SEVEN
BOOMS."

front or coat lapel. The settlers swarmed the borders. But the President must send out a proclamation before the guns could be fired that would send them teeming over the line.

Ben at last found a space to stop. Like more pretentious house-hunters, he wanted pleasant neighbors. He selected a little place cut off from the other camps by an arm of the creek. The bed of the stream

was dry and dusty now. Water must be bought by the barrel. One big elm tree gave them shade. He staked out the team, built a fire, and, having given Mary her tea and cracker and eaten his bacon and bread, he sat down to smoke. Then he hunted fuel until dark, finding only enough sticks and twigs to cook breakfast. Wood was scarce. In fact one of their neighbors stated the case truthfully when he said, pausing with one great heavy boot on the prostrate tongue of the wagon, "Yes, sirree; wood *is* skase; water too, corn too, and money—whew! Fact is, everything is skase 'cept boomers. Plenty o' them. This ole man over here," pointing with his thumb, "he's been in seven booms, and he 'lows *he* never saw sech hard times; and his seven daughters, they 'low the same." His voice declared him to be a native of the Tennessee mountains, but he spoke with that large composure and cheerful pessimism that marks the Western man. He climbed onto his wagon and rode away, leaving them staring after him with the feeling of being unexpected and undesired guests.

The days that followed seemed very long to Ben. He felt so eager to do

something. All the men along the line scattered at early morning. Some went to work on the adjacent farms. Many went to the neighboring town to talk and wonder when the Strip would be opened. Many who had mowing machines drove off across the prairie and came home at night with great loads of soft, light-green hay. Fine stacks were common. The boomers would buy it, they said. Were more coming? Yes. Every day there came more wagons, more women, more merriness, sun-browned children, more tired dogs. Some went away in disgust after a few weeks, even days, in some cases.

At length Ben went away to town to buy flour and bacon. Mary went, in response to an invitation, to spend the day with the seven sisters who had been in seven booms. Their ages ranged from ten to thirty; none had ever married, although there were several brown babies playing around. The mother of the family had died in Oklahoma. They lived in three tents and half a dozen wagons, and, with plenty to eat and to wear, were not unhappy. The three elder smoked pipes. The next "played the fiddle." All went barefoot. All swore, when they felt like it, not angrily nor obscenely, but merely as a relief when some such casualty occurred as stepping on a live coal, or the waste of precious water, or when one of the colts put his nose into a pot of vegetables set by to cool. To-day the calves had chewed up some clothing, and loud and long were the denunciations of "whoever left them things a-hangin' out." All paused in the midst of this domestic tempest to welcome Mary, when she came creeping over with a bundle that they knew contained the baby. They gave her the best chair, and then stood in an expectant half circle. God help the woman who never wonders what the unwrapped baby is like!

Mary made a pretty picture as she sat there in her shabby old brown dress, that just matched her soft eyes and pretty hair, clinging in tender little locks about her face and neck. Her eyes had that

fine self-forgetting look that only pride of motherhood can bring. She was a young thing, and had never noticed a babe carefully, so she did not realize what a poor morsel of humanity she was showing them.

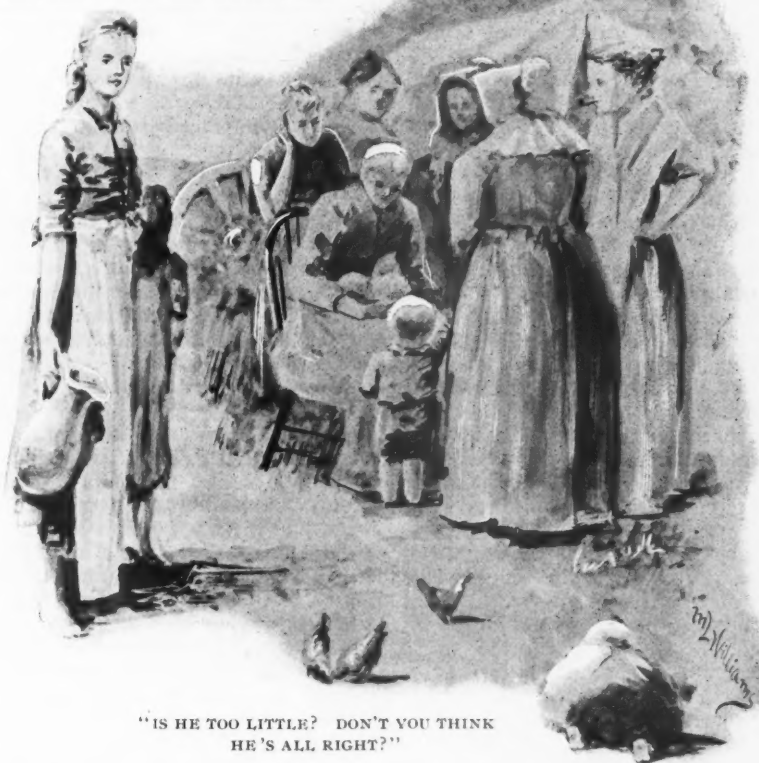
"He's got nice hair," said one.

"What's his name?" asked another.

"Moses," she answered. "He was born travelin' and he was goin' to the Promised Lan', the doctor said, and called him Moses, and

"Well, he *ain't* jest big; childern a month old ain't gennerly big," said the oldest of the seven.

"Is he too little? Don't you think he's all right?" asked Mary, with a frightened look that touched the heart



"IS HE TOO LITTLE? DON'T YOU THINK HE'S ALL RIGHT?"

Ben never cared. I call him Mosie when I think of him as gettin' bigger, but *now*, he's jes' Baby, yer know."

One of the sturdy little brown boys pushed through the line of sisters, and after putting his finger in the tight grasp of the little Moses, stood with legs wide-spread, staring first at the baby and then at its mother.

"Ain't he mighty little?" said one of the younger sisters.

of the brown boy's mother. Ten minutes before she had spanked that young man with much energy and then threatened similar punishment to one of the younger sisters. It was this same girl who had asked if the baby was not "mighty little." Liz, they called her. She was rewarded by an irate glance from the elder, who turned the little Moses softly on his mother's knee and said kindly: "Yes, he *is* mighty little,

and he's pore and puny, but law! that ain't nothin'. Look at Grover," pointing to the brown boy who still stood by the baby. "He was jest this pore onct."

"Law, that's a whopper! He never wuz," said Liz.

Here the sturdy Grover added to the discord by striking out at Liz and yelling: "I wuz, too; I know I wuz!" and then fell to crying. This all to show, very likely, that he was neither "pore" nor "puny." He was comforted by his mother, and Liz was sent away in disgrace to peel the potatoes; but she was heard to mutter to herself as she went: "'Tain't so; I bet it dies, too. Jane is so mean."

Mary laid her hand on the boy's head, and with the other smoothed the soft hair of the little Moses, who had fallen asleep in spite of the noises about him.

Yes, he did look very little and old. Strange she had never noticed it before. A great tear rose from the mother's heart and dropped down on the sleeping child. Thus was he baptized—Moses.

When Ben drove into Arkansas City, he was astonished at the number of boomers he met. He had bought his flour, bacon, rice, sugar, and coffee, and was about to leave the store when his eye was arrested by the sight of a pair of tiny red shoes. Small as they were, they were a world too wide for the feet of baby Moses, but he bought them, counting out one of the silver dollars that were getting very low in his jeans pockets. As he went away to get his wagon, he was attracted to a crowd gathered in and around an unoccupied store. A florid man was talking. It was something about the Strip. More speeches followed. All had the same trend; the Strip must be opened, and soon; something must be done; it would be too late for wheat to be put in; why not send somebody, a committee, to Washington to interview the President and hurry matters up? and so on and on for an hour or more. Three men spoke. Three were suggested as desirable men to put on the committee. Some one else moved a collection be made. It was seconded and carried. The boomers made no motions, named

no men; but they put in the money. Of the thousand men present, none gave less than half a dollar, some gave as much as five. That seemed little enough to pay for hurrying up the opening. It was a pleasant time for a trip East. The President was away at his summer home. The committee went first to Washington City, then to New York and back by way of Chicago. Did they hurry matters?

When Ben got back to Mary, he found her sitting against the elm tree with the baby on her lap. He had brought, besides the provisions, a little tent.

"I got a tent, Mary, for you and the little kid to stay in days when I am away gettin' hay, for I guess I'd better get some hay, too. All the folks has got some."

When it was put up and a bright fire crackled in front of it, Mary sat and watched Ben prepare supper and felt very comfortable and happy. It seemed so nice to have even that much of a home. The baby did not look so frail and weak now. The little red shoes were twice too large, but—"He 'll grow to 'em," she said.

At last the Strip was to be opened. President and Secretary and Commissioners had settled when and how it was to be done, and in every newspaper in the land the day was announced.

The boomers had seemed thick before; now they swarmed. Along the line all was bustle and excitement. New people came every hour. Young men rode races up and down the dividing road to test the speed of their horses for the important day. Town site schemers mixed with the settlers and reaped a rich harvest.

The old man who had complained of the scarcity of everything but boomers had driven away over the hills and not returned. But they brought him in one night, on a hay wagon, with a bullet hole in his head.

"He was a 'sooner,' and somebody killed him," they said to one another, as they buried him where he had camped a week before. Nobody knew who had done it. Nobody had authority to punish a crime committed

on the Strip. His grave would serve as a warning to others to keep off until the guns were fired on the sixteenth.

The sixteenth came. The wagons were loaded at early dawn. The horses were fed and harnessed. The best one was saved for "the run." The men were all excited. Every one who had a pistol fastened it about him; he hardly knew why. The soldiers rode up and down the line. The land offices were choked with perspiring men and weary clerks.

Ben had told Mary that their money was nearly all gone, "and I'll be mighty glad to get to work," he added.

"Yes," she answered, "I will too, for seems to me like the baby is poorly. Campin' don't agree with him."

Half an hour before noon the eldest of the seven sisters went over to where Mary was bending over the baby.

"Law! he's a dyin'," she gasped, kneeling amid the litter of the camp to put an arm around poor Mary.

In the midst of so much eager strife to gain a foothold and live, little Moses seemed very indifferent to life. He lay feebly gasping on his mother's knee. She had no thought but for him. Ben stood behind her. He was sorry—oh, very sorry! but—it was time to "make the run." What could he do?

The hour of noon was nigh. All round the Strip crowded the thousands of eager men pushing for places in front, ready to make the mad race for land. And there were women in the press, and—let us be thankful that in America chivalry is not yet dead—these rough men gave way and yielded them positions in front. At last noon came. The cannon roared and echoed and re-echoed around the lines. Away rushed the crowds in frantic race for homes,

trampling each other in their mad haste, well knowing that through force and speed and selfishness and greed the prizes were to be won.

But Ben was not in the crowd. After the long journey to the promised land, after the weary waiting and hoping, he now stood by Mary's side and fanned little Moses, who lay faintly gasping in the stifling heat. Through all the long hot summer weather his little heart had struggled on, but when Might and Greed bore down their fellows in the press and galloped before in the savage rout, the small Moses turned his face to his mother's bosom, of which he would never more be in need, and went over the line alone. His little hand held fast the secret of why he had ever lived.

In an hour, the camp, where all had been life and bustle, was deserted and still. Some forgotten chickens were scratching in the straw; a lame horse munched some feed a little child had mercifully left him. The birds came and perched on forgotten barrels and tent poles, peering amongst the rubbish and calling to one another. The seat of the wagon made a bier for the little boomer. He wore the red shoes and the little lace-trimmed gown. "I sewed it on a Sunday," Mary moaned, "and I ought n't to 'a' done it."

They put him under a little mound beside the long grave of the "sooner." The next day they started back to Missouri. After a few days they were overtaken by many others going back, with their craving for land still unsatisfied.

"I hope yer ain't a-layin' it up agin the baby that he died, are yer, Ben?" Mary queried.

"No, honey," he answered. "Pore baby. He could n't help it."





CALENDARIO AZTECA O PIEDRA DEL SOL.
EN EL MES DE DICIEMBRE DEL AÑO DE 1790
AL PRACTICARSE LA NIVELACION PARA EL NUEVO
EMPEDRADO DE LA PLAZA MAYOR DE ESTA CAPITAL
FUE DESCUBIERTO ESTE MONOLITO Y COLOCADO
DESPUES AL PIE DE LA TORRE OCCIDENTAL DE LA
CATEDRAL POR EL LADO QUE VE AL PONIENTE
DE CUYO LUGAR SE TRASLADO A ESTE MUSEO
NACIONAL EN AGOSTO DE 1885.

RUINS OF MITLA.

BY EVELYN STEGER.

"MITLA is probably the finest group in the whole Mexican territory. Here was a great religious center, mentioned in the traditional annals of Zapotecs." So says Bancroft, and so say others.

The valley, or pocket, in which lies the modern little town of Mitla and the valleys surrounding it, is surpassingly lovely. There are running streams, clear as crystal, fringed with willow, mountain fig (*hijo montes*), and tropical trees; mountains clothed with rich verdure shut out the turbulent world on three sides, and the skies bend graciously to lend their beauty to the scene, as if to tell that, although the Great Architect has endowed His creatures with what sometimes seems more than mortal wisdom, He has not given them the secret whereby they can build for eternity.

One of these *hijo montes*, huge trees, must be six or eight feet in diameter and over one hundred feet high, and shades the entire front of the hostelry of Don Felix Quero, where I lingered

while I drank in the delights of this lovely valley. Here I found everything fresh, attractive, cheery, an accommodating spirit, and reasonable charges. The mountains have yielded their wealth to supply mine host's table with its service of silver; and the valleys, not to be outdone by their flaunting neighbors, have presented their luscious fruits.

I was in the little village of Las Sedas in June, when the happy thought occurred to me to visit these ruins of Mitla, which so puzzle archæologists. Las Sedas is thirty miles north of Oaxaca, at the head of the Almolzoa cañon, which is one of the roughest in the republic. The Mexican Southern railway passes through this cañon on its way to Oaxaca from Puebla, but a true lover of nature cannot content himself with coy glances and momentary glimpses alone, attainable from a railway, when he may bask in the full sunshine of her presence. I start on horseback, alone.

Passing by the numerous towns of



VILLAGE OF SANTA ANITA.

(Where the Floating Garden no longer floats.)

Huitzo, San Francisco Huitzo, San Pablo Huitzo, and others, I reach Oaxaca about six o'clock in the afternoon and seek my friend and brother engineer, Tom Corry, known all over the Republic for his largeness of heart, generosity, and many other good qualities. His hospitable roof shelters me for the night.

Leaving him while the morning is still young, I ride for an hour and a half before I reach the celebrated savin, or cypress, tree of Tulé. The tree is called by the natives *ahuehuate*. It stands in the parish church inclosure, and is probably the greatest in circumference in the world. On two sides of this tree there are inscriptions in Spanish, only partly legible to-day, claiming to have been made by the celebrated savant and traveler, Humboldt, in 1803, which serve to perpetuate his name in this country. When Cortes was on his bloody and destructive march to Honduras, it is said that he and his army took shelter under this noble cypress. I can credit this story, as he had only one hundred and twenty-five Spaniards with him, and the branches of the tree spread one hundred and fifty feet later-

ally. The tree is about as many feet high. Three feet above the ground it measures one hundred and six and a half feet in circumference. A plank of the redwood of California was on exhibition at the World's Fair which measured thirty-five feet across. If vandal hands were laid upon the cypress of Tulé, with its slender acacia-like leaves, timbers forty-one feet across could be cut from it, as it measures thirty-two feet in diameter from one point and forty-one from another.

At Tlacolula I stopped at noon to rest both man and beast—the beast fared best. The town itself is like a thousand other Mexican towns. The prominent features are dirt, crooked streets, adobe or thatched houses, and a general air of sleepiness and indolence incident to a race oppressed for centuries by cruelty and servitude and given over to pulque.

As I continue my journey I notice the hedges and fences of cactus, and gates of cane. The organ cactus is generally used all over Mexico for fences, and is well adapted to this purpose. With its fluted, hexagonal columns growing close together, the resemblance to the



RAPID TRANSIT IN MEXICO.

pipes of an organ is easily seen. At times one finds them almost devoid of thorns, and a certain species bears an edible fruit.

Soon after leaving Tlacolula our road leaves the main road, leading to Tehuantepec on the right, and we travel somewhat more directly toward the sunrise. The sun dominates our thoughts and actions in this brilliant country.

Having ridden forty miles southeast of Oaxaca I reach my goal, the little town of Mitla; and, after establishing myself with Don Felix Quero, I start across the river (Mitla) for the ruins, which are all found on the northern side, with the exception of a pyramid. Crossing the river at the ford on stones, although there is a rude wooden bridge for foot passengers, I observe a group of huge stones in the relative position of lintels and jambs. The jambs are low and there are ill-defined hieroglyphics on some of the lintels. This group is hardly noticeable on account of the adobe houses, which, with the irreverence of our age, have thrust

their modern ugliness close to the ruins of these ancient palaces or tombs. I pause in my walk to note that the ancient name *Lioba* or *Loba*, "place of tombs," or the modern Mitla, "place of sadness," is not suggested by the surroundings, and seem no more appropriate than that of "El Desierto," "the Desert," one of the loveliest spots surrounding the City of Mexico, "the oldest and grandest capital in America, the Venice of the Aztecs."

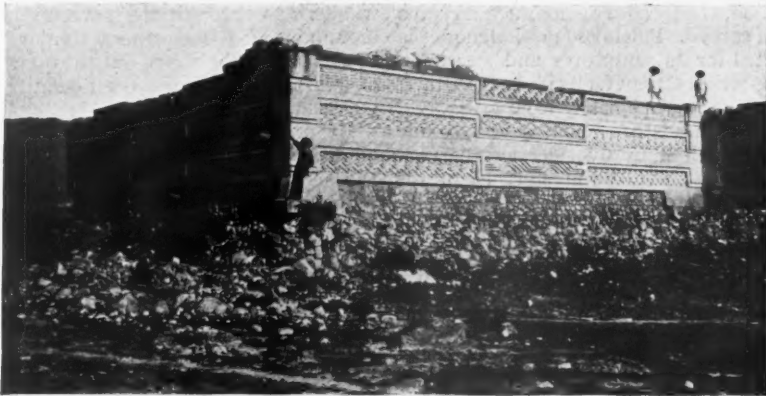
I find on the first afternoon two distinct and plainly delineated plazas not more than half a mile from my inn, a little east of north. These two, which I shall refer to as the northern and southern plazas, are separated by a narrow road. There are also three pyramids, probably eighty feet at the base and thirty feet high. The largest is west of the plaza, has worn and broken stone steps on the eastern slope and a modern structure, partly bricked up, on top. Another pyramid is south of the plazas, and is in a more ruinous state. A modern Roman Catholic

church is built over and around a group north of the two plazas. In some instances the builders have left the ancient stones in their original positions; in others they have used them for this new structure. Some of the finest specimens of hieroglyphics on the continent are said to be found in this little church.

Having gained this general idea of the six groups, including the pyramid on the south side of the river, I continued my investigations later and found the general plan of the plazas to be that of the Spanish houses of to-day. A central plaza about one hundred and seventy-five feet square; a long narrow room on each side, three

tions of the Eastern origin of the builders. The walls are constructed of stone, adobe and mud. The stones and adobe are put together in an irregular manner, and the mud, called *barro* by the natives, serves as cement or mortar. It is in common use to-day among the poorer classes and serves their purpose well. In these ruins it is extremely hard and tenacious.

The walls are from three and a half to five feet thick, in one case eight feet, and rise eleven feet above the ground. There is no evidence of more than one story. The façades are ornamented. The molding, which is very profuse, is made with small cut stones, generally about one and a quarter inches thick



EXTERIOR OF RUINS, MITLA.

openings from these rooms on the plaza in every case. These openings vary from seven to over nine feet in width, and are about six and a half feet in height. They are not strictly doors, as there are no grooves in the jambs, or other evidence that they were ever closed. These buildings differ in general plan from the Texas missions, which more nearly resemble them than any ruins I know of, in that in no case do the rooms connect closely but have about fifteen feet of connecting wall in prolongation of their face line.

The sides of the plaza correspond to the cardinal points of the compass, like the great temple to Bebel, "the glory of Babylon," one of the many sugges-

and from three inches to more than two feet in length. They were probably held in place either by being stuck in the mud, which was used in the bulk of the wall, or by the weight of the immense stones placed upon or above them. The first is the more probable theory, since the mud is tenacious and becomes very hard, as already stated, and the weight of the huge lintels and other large stones was probably borne by the jambs.

The lintels are generally fifteen and a half feet long, three and a quarter high, and five feet wide. They are profusely carved, the designs being similar to those made by the small cut stones.

Ober, in his "Travels in Mexico," says: "There seems to be no sculpture on the walls, but only this peculiar mosaic formed of pieces of stone, each one about seven inches in length, one in depth, and two inches in breadth." To show the inaccuracy of this statement, one has only to look at the accompanying illustration. The entire façade, the jambs only excepted, is carved and ornamented with small stones of various lengths.

While Mitla is noted for its grecque work ornamentation, the façades of the Yucatan ruins are carved. Palemke (not Palenque) is noted for its sculptures and stucco in bas-relief; Capan for its idols and altars, all differing materially from Mitla.

The jambs are about seven by one and one-half by five feet, not carved. Who can solve the mystery by means of which huge stones were so accurately placed over jambs built in walls that are chiefly adobe and, consequently, weak as to crushing strength? In my later



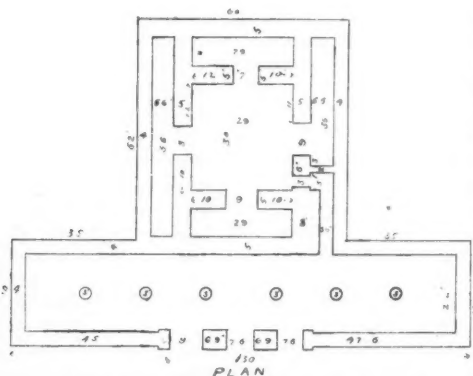
IN THE ENTRANCE HALL, NORTH PLAZA, MITLA.

wanderings through the surrounding mountains I found stones similar to those used in the ruins, but the quarry or quarries have never been definitely located.

At present there remain structures on the north, east, and south sides of the southern plaza, and only on the north and east sides of the northern. Underneath the northern room of the south plaza there is a subterranean chamber. A small monolithic pillar of porphyry confronts one immediately upon entering. The superstition of the past lives in its name, "The Pillar of Death." No one dare embrace it save he who has grown weary of life and seeks the repose supposed to come with unconsciousness. This pillar stands at the entrance to a mysterious subterranean passage, of small area, leading across the plaza to the river and the south pyramid, with which, I think, probably it is connected. It cannot now be explored for any distance without excavating, as the mouth is choked with mud and debris. Although much has been written, very little seems to be known about this mysterious passage. Near Natchez, Mississippi, in a group of mounds, a similar passage leads to a spring. Could this have been used for that purpose? It is claimed that a partial

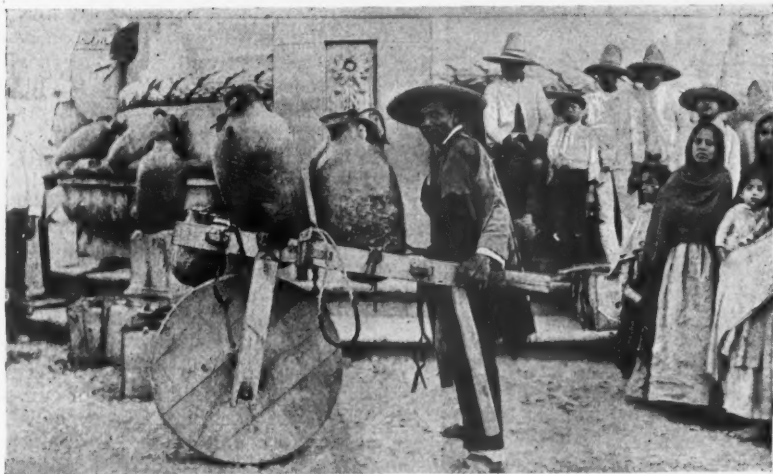


FRONT ELEVATION



GROUND PLAN AND ELEVATION, LARGE BUILDING, NORTH PLAZA.

(Scale, twenty feet to one inch.)



ONE STYLE OF WATER CARRIER, MEXICO.

excavation was made and a tomb, or evidences of one, was found. It has been suggested that it leads to a chamber full of treasure or—of mummies. The soil of the plazas has evidently been frequently disturbed. Two old Indians, who live in Mitla, are thought to be the only human beings who know the hiding place of the treasure, and they extract only enough to supply their simple wants. Where else in this busy, bustling, work-a-day world can one find another whose wants do not exceed the means of supply? Their's is no bed of roses, but well for them that they do not live under a Cortes, to be tortured in boiling oil as was heroic Cuauhtemoc, the last of the Aztec kings, till they produce treasure which probably has no existence.

The rooms already mentioned as inclosing the plaza, vary from nine to twenty-two feet in width, and from eighty to one hundred and twenty-seven feet in length.

We go now to the northern and most interesting plaza.

Entering on the north a room one hundred and thirty feet across and thirty feet deep, we find ourselves in the sala, or entrance hall. A similar hall always forms one side of a plaza. The distinguishing characteristics of these ruins of Mitla are the molding,

already mentioned, and the six monolithic pillars of porphyry which are found, in a row, in this entrance hall. There are also several similar pillars found in the room on the eastern side of this plaza.

The pillars are in the center of the room, longitudinally, and were evidently intended to support the roof. At present they are about eleven feet above the floor. The floor has probably been raised several feet by falling debris, as older writers give their height as fourteen feet. In shape the pillars are cylindrical, perfectly plain, free from carving or ornamentation of any kind, without pedestal, base, or capital. They stand, it is thought, as the only existing specimens of their kind in American ruins to-day. Theories as to their being concrete have been advanced, but not found tenable. I showed specimens to mineralogists, who without hesitation pronounced them metalliferous porphyry. The molding is of the same variety of stone.

The monotony of the plan of these ruins is varied in this northern plaza by having on the southern side of the entrance hall a large and almost altogether different building. This is said to have been the abode of the monarchs of the ancient race, the other rooms having been occupied by the soldiery



ANOTHER STYLE OF WATER CARRIER.

and inferior classes. Leaving the sala by a narrow opening to the right of the center, we find ourselves in a passage three and a half feet wide, covered with a roof formed of large, single stones. With the exception of the subterranean structure this is the only portion of the ruins which has a roof. Advancing about twenty feet and turning to the left, we enter through a still narrower passage, about three feet, a central chamber thirty feet square, with a narrow room on each side, as shown in the illustration. The narrow rooms vary from six and a half to eight feet in width, and from twenty-nine to fifty-six in length. Each room connects by an opening with the central chamber.

The floors in this building are made of cement or mortar, evidently modern, as is the occasional brick work and the roof put on the central chamber some fifty years ago, made of wood, traces of which I found on top of the walls.

I am led to the conclusion that the sala and the narrow rooms alone were originally roofed. It would be contrary to the genius of the builders and altogether out of keeping with the rest of the building to suppose that the roof was dome-shaped. I do not think such a roof is known in Mexican or South American ruins. Again, it would evi-

dently have been beyond their knowledge of engineering to cover a space of thirty feet, the central chamber, with flat stones without the aid of pillars. There are no traces of pillars to be found in this room. No wood was used in the original building; and lastly, if this chamber had been covered, all would have been in darkness. The widest roof spaces I remember are those in Uxmal, twenty-five feet; and these roofs were made by the Mayan arch, falsely so called; *i. e.*, by simply allowing each stone to project a little beyond the one below, making a triangular roof. But there is nothing triangular at Mitla; all is rectangular or curved. The circle does not appear, and the cross makes but a poor, insignificant figure. I think that slabs, similar to those covering the narrow passage leading from the sala, were used to cover the narrow rooms.

I am tempted to linger and speculate on these ruins and their probable builders. They have kept their secret well. Located in the State of Oaxaca, which claims the wildest and grandest scenery in Mexico, suggesting the passes of Switzerland, inhabited by mountaineers reputed to be steady, independent, and, like the Swiss, always ready to defend their rights—having given birth to Juarez and to Diaz, and afforded them an asylum during the bitter intestine wars of Mexico—still Oaxaca does not reveal to us the origin of her tribes, the Zapotecs, whose customs so nearly resembled the Mexicans but whose language is akin to the Mayans.

Wandering in our perplexity west of the ruins, we chance upon a fortified hill, Monte Alban, about a mile or more away. Itself a natural fort, rising twenty or thirty feet sheer, some ancient builders have superimposed a continuous artificial wall of loose stones, from six to ten feet thick and as many high. On the southern, or most accessible side, the wall is double this thickness. Huge stones are seen on all sides in unstable equilibrium, as if poised by the builders ready to be thrown upon the head of an advancing enemy.

In the inclosure, on the very top of the hill are adobe houses in a ruinous,

dilapidated condition, long since abandoned. There is no evidence of doors or windows. Did they climb over the top with ladders, in imitation of the cliff-dwellers? The adobe was so hard as to be mistaken for stone by friends to whom I showed specimens.

Tradition has seized upon a neighboring spot as the scene of a bloody battle between the Zapotecs and Mixtecs over the hand of Montezuma's daughter. The Zapotec chief won, and, believing that to the victor belong the spoils, bore off the prize. Irregular

mounds to the west are pointed out to me by my Zapotec Indian as having been the Campo Santo of the ancient race. Here huge skulls and thigh bones are turned up by the ruthless plow, finding, it may be, a native Hamlet to moralize over the dry bones. I think it evident that the builders of this fort and the dwellers therein were of much more recent date than those of Mitla. On another occasion mountaineers guided my friends, the owner of the Zaacashacienda, his guest, and myself five miles up the mountains east of Mitla, displaying to us a number of forts, subterranean passages, and structures similar to those already mentioned and similarly carved, but with no small stones used for molding. On the very top of one of the peaks we saw an unfinished structure in every respect like one at the Zaacas hacienda, which I saw and shall describe later. A few feet off was the quarry, some of the stones seeming almost ready to put in the unfinished structure. Around these forts

there are fragments of pottery, stone, and axes. A few comparatively large idols, some copper axes or ornaments, and any number of smaller idols or images of terra cotta and obsidian (volcanic glass) are what we possess as relics of a race that has gone, or, at most, one poorly represented to-day by ignorant, oppressed Indians, who build no important structures, know nothing of sculpture or painting, and little of pottery.

At all events, the early dwellers upon Anahuac and the surrounding country

were compelled to protect themselves and their treasures in frequent wars. Else, why so many subterranean passages? About twenty years ago such a passage was found under the house of the owner of the hacienda Zaacas, mentioned by Ober as "Saga," but given to me by a friend of the owner as above.

It is said that the house was built over this unwittingly, but this is scarcely credible, as they must have come across this structure in digging for foundations.

In this country it is more probable that no importance was attached to it. The shape is that of an irregular cross. The branches of the cross are three feet wide and, a short distance from the entrance, six feet high. The walls are formed of large stones, profusely carved, the figures resembling those of Mitla. A peculiarity of this carving is that it has stucco, or hard finish, like the ceilings or walls used in the United States; white, smooth, shining, and quite hard to-day after



A PULQUE VENDOR EXTRACTING PULQUE.

hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years' exposure to mud and moisture.

Since the beginning of our century the ruins of Mitla have aroused the interest and attracted the attention of the learned. Were they palaces or tombs? The ancient name, "*Lioba*," or "*Loba*," "the place of Tombs," and the narrowness of the rooms would incline one to the latter belief, but very little can be gathered of the date or the purpose for which time, skill, and labor were so prodigally lavished. How many hundred or thousand years have they proclaimed to a waiting generation the futility of human wishes?

One historian at least, Bancroft, believes they were built by the Zapotecs under the influence of the Mayan priesthood. Don Luis Martin and Colonel De la Laguna, from Mexico, made the first authentic explorations, in 1802. Unbelievers tell us that Humboldt was never at Mitla, but got his data from these authors. Think of the poor natives pointing with pride to the inscription in their *ahudeneté*. Was it because it needed historical associations that they were placed there? Is this grand tree less noble because no Montezuma has paced under its shadow as under the gloomy cypresses at Chapultepec, where he gave audience to sorrowful Fate and trembled when he drew aside the veil of Destiny, as she stood in his path? Because no Carlotta has held high carnival in the Pompeian rooms above its shadows?

In 1806, Dupaix and Casteuado, and

in 1830, Muhlenpfordt, the German traveler, made plans and drawings of these ruins. The Institute of Oaxaca holds the originals. The plans of these drawings, given by Bancroft, are said to be the only ones published.

Thirty years ago Desiré Charnay, the French archaeologist, took photographs, which are interesting. In the museum in the City of Mexico one finds the results of the explorations, in 1886, of Leopoldo Batres, inspector and preserver of archaeological monuments. They are very incorrect.

My friend, Mr. Wm. Corner, of San Antonio, Texas, made in 1891 a very complete survey, took notes and photographs. I have no doubt that later he will give the public the benefit of his knowledge, as he has copyrighted his map.

Professor Baudelier, sent out by the Archaeological Institute of America, in 1881, remained in Mitla for some time. His work, an important addition to the literature on the subject, is one of the finest written, and he himself one of the most reliable authorities on this and kindred subjects.

Let us hope that the Mexican government will show a more liberal spirit in the future than it has done in the past to archaeological research, and that the present representative of the Smithsonian Institute now in the City of Mexico, Mr. Jouy, may unravel the mystery that enfolds this subject. The fact that Mitla is now so easily accessible may help largely to that end.



CATHEDRAL, CITY OF MEXICO

BALLEY'S FUNERAL.

BY S. J. SHIELDS.

Author of "The Sheikh's Revenge."



ALLEY was a character in our village—an ebony Mercury, good-natured, handy, so blithe and so humorous that his little thefts were never followed with punishment. I had always a warm spot in my heart for Balley. No one could paddle a fishing skiff more skillfully, train a "'possum dog" more carefully, or tell you more precisely where the largest coveys of quails were to be found, or where you were more likely to hear the wild turkey gobble in the early spring mornings.

His skill in trapping fish or game excelled all others, and the trout rose as if by magic to the deft manipulation of his "bob." He made my fires, swept my room, and was of so much service to me that, notwithstanding the fact that my decanter ran low or my cigars suffered from his inroads, when not under lock and key, I could not dispense with his attendance. I drove him from me one morning, the unusual hardihood of his filching causing me to be commensurately wrathful; but a week of loneliness and distressful inconvenience brought me round, and determined me to avoid these small thefts, if I could not afford them, as the perquisites of his office, reflecting that, oftentimes, whiter minds than Balley's took advantage of the same construction.

Take him as a whole, he was an amiable rascal, with whom forbearance was perfectly natural, and, as usual with such, his misdemeanors elicited more smiles than frowns, and he ran the gauntlet of every grand jury that was impaneled year by year, completely unscathed. He was generous and kind, qualities which were not lost upon his colored confrères; and in all their bickerings, feuds, and consequent running to the courts, Balley was never im-

plicated; but, on the contrary, he skirmished around the precincts of the temple of justice very adroitly in behalf of those who were less fortunate.

The congregation of "Sheepeye meetin' house" smiled upon him with urbane toleration, though he was only a *brother-in-law*, and did not take part in the pious jubilations and ecstatic frenzy usually aroused by the red-hot meetings, as his wife Judy did, who was a regular out-and-outer, and was wont frequently to assert that she was "washed in de blud ob de Lam", an' dyed in de wool." He was an amiable, obliging, and frank sinner, who responded liberally to every call, and who, at least, did love the brethren with too good a conscience to enter the synagogue with broad phylactery and simulated piety. Notwithstanding he was "onregenerate," he was dubbed "Brudder Balley" by shepherd and flock alike.

The Rev. Abram Blanchard, an oleaginous, pinguid divine, who shook forth the crumbs of comforting doctrine to the goslings who gathered around his pulpit, was for a long time a stanch friend of Balley, as well he might be, for many a cat from Balley's trot-line had tickled his palate, and many a chicken, fried by the deft hands of Judy, had contributed to his rotundity, as well as sundry modest quenchers of distilled waters covertly administered—a fact which Balley admitted in strict confidence to his white patrons only. Added to these delicate attentions were frequent loans of small sums of money to the pastor when quarterage came in slowly, which, eventually, as you shall know, brought on the awful pageant which heads this story, through which fate decreed that Balley should not lack a chronicler to perpetuate his memory.

For a long time there was a spirit of good-fellowship between the saint and sinner; and though the black and portly Boanerges thundered his burning

reproofs at those within the fold as well as those without, frequently and fearlessly personating the delinquents, and sprinkling fire and brimstone around, which fell hot and blistering upon the consciences of his hearers; yet did his ecclesiastical sword have but a leaden point for Balley. If with him he even ventured admonition, it was in a sweet, benignant, and brotherly manner. For him reproof flowed so gently into applause that in the blending it was almost lost; and censure was so interwoven with approbation that the threads of one could not be separated from the other without breaking both.

But the time at last came to verify the sapient words of Polonius, that "loan oft loses both itself and friend," and the Rev. Abram discovered that righteousness hath no fellowship with iniquity; then Balley, stripped of his popularity, denied even toleration, was to stand under the ban of the divine, fully anathematized, without the hope of absolution. The cold shoulder was turned to him, and he became Abram's theme of eloquent denunciation, and was held up by him as an example to be shunned.

The source of Balley's troubles was a loan of ten dollars to Abram, which, during a time of much stringency in money matters, he insisted should be paid, and regarding which Abram made profuse promises when privately dunned, and which came so often to naught that Balley, exasperated, became public in his importunities, and was astounded when the reverend gentleman, thus attacked, flatly denied it. Then dark hints of very compromising shortcomings were freely bandied between them. The breach widened into a yawning chasm, across which Balley hurled defiance and threats of vengeance as a worldling, which fell harmless from Abram's sacerdotal armor, while his ecclesiastical return shots blasted Balley and withered his power. His very cronies fell off from him, and joined in the hue and cry; and you may be assured that the pastor, in the pulpit and out of it, whistled them down to their work. So powerful was the force of his excommunication that

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er niggers all squattin' roun' in front of 'im, an' he was whinin' out de hymn:

While de lamp hole out to burn,
De viles' sinner may return.

Dis was jes' mo' en I could stan', an' I cut him short wid two good licks in his fat stummic, an' when he cotch his bref, which it took him some time to do, he made at me, an' I grab an ax han'le dat was standin' 'ginst de wall, an' I fotch him er clew on de head, an' he went down in his tracks like er beef. De niggers raise er yell, an' make er rush at me, an' I hit right an' lef' wid de ax, han'le and cl'ared er way fur myself, an' I run straight to Mr. Jagger's old store 'bout fifty yards off, an' I slam de door an' barred it. Dey romped roun' dere powerful, an' Ab'um he run bellerin' to de squire fur warrant fer murder, an' 'sturb' 'ligious worship, and de Lawd knows what all; an' de constable, he cum, an' I gib myself up. Dey want him to put me in jail right er way, but I tole him you 'd go on my bon' an' he took me up to his house, an' he kep' me dere till day, an' here I is."

After hearing Balley's statement, and reflecting that it tallied with some things which I knew to be true, I determined to befriend him. Upon examining the two warrants, and finding that they were for assault and battery with a weapon, and disturbing religious worship, I executed a bond for his appearance before the justice of the peace, and requested the constable to see that the trial was continued for two days, as urgent business called me from the village for perhaps that length of time. I also took the precaution of advising Balley to be temperate and prudent, and giving him all the consolation possible, I prepared for my journey, and was in the saddle in an hour's time.

Late in the evening, two days after Balley's arrest, I returned to the village, and observing groups of people standing at the few public places, I knew that something of unusual interest had taken place, and upon inquiry, learned to my utter astonishment that Balley had died some time in the night

before, and would be buried that night by torchlight. Upon further investigation, I was informed that on the night of his death he had gone to bed seemingly in good health, and that in the morning, when his wife endeavored to arouse him, she found him lifeless. Her screams attracted the neighbors, who hurried to the house, and upon making a careful examination of the body, found that nothing could be done other than preparing it for burial, and giving what consolation they could offer to the bereaved Judy. Of course the negroes regarded it as a judgment, and the Rev. Abram Blanchard labored to confirm them in that belief. His sacerdotal power went up at least a hundred per cent.; and, as he was to preach the funeral, the occasion presented the opportunity of making the effort of his life, for which he was fully loaded and primed. He moved amid the throng as powerful and important as Pope Julius the Second, firmly established upon his ecclesiastical throne, and ready to bombard all whom he regarded as sinners and reprobates, without let or hindrance.

I must confess to a feeling akin to pain and loneliness, as I reflected that never again would I be aroused by Balley's cheerful songs swelling upon the early morning air as he came to kindle my fire, and sweep my rooms. In an instant, the many conversations in which he detailed numerous laughable anecdotes of his colored compatriots, his hearty laugh, and the many times he had sat in the stern of my boat, wielding skillfully and silently the paddle, as we shot along the shining river, and shouting as the hungry trout fastened themselves upon my troll, passed before my memory, and I realized the expression of Prince Hal's woe when he said of Falstaff, "I could have better spared a better man." I therefore determined that I would see the last of him, and at nightfall, putting on my overcoat and taking a dark lantern, I mounted my horse and took my way to the house of sorrow. When I arrived, everything was in readiness for departure to the graveyard, and the negroes were assembled and waiting

for the Rev. Abram (who had been called from his home six miles distant) to refresh himself with a fried chicken before entering upon the solemn duties of his office. As I entered the house, this eminent divine was just finishing the remaining drum-stick after the most approved style, which was as rapid as it was graceful, by thrusting it in the cavernous recess of his great mouth, closing his unctuous lips upon it, and withdrawing it gently but firmly, so that when it emerged, it rested between his thumb and forefinger, a naked, whitened bone. As he rose to greet me, I peered into his black, flabby face, intent to detect any feeling of regret or compunction, or anything else that, considering the relations which existed between him and Ball-ey, might be excited by the untimely taking off of one who had once been his friend, whatever might be their subsequent positions. But his face bore no sign. It betokened nothing but the dull, massive sanctimoniousness of elephantine hypocrisy.

His rising was the signal for action. The crowd quietly withdrew from the house, leaving Judy, who was too much overcome with grief to go to the graveyard, and two select female friends to attend her. The pall-bearers entered and bore from the house the coffin, and placed it in the one-horse wagon which stood ready to transport it to its last resting place. The wagon rolled slowly away, the procession forming behind it, and the slowly moving torch-lights flickered in the night breeze, as we moved out in the Cimmerian darkness, myself and Abram bringing up the rear.

"This is a sad affair, Abram," said I.

"Yes, sah," he answered solemnly.

"It would be a sad affair if de unfortunate pusson had er died in de midst ob a useful, Christian life; but when you go to thinken ob de mizzerbul state ob de man when he was stricken down in de full tide ob his wickedness, hit's wusser, sir; hit's wusser."

"Abram, have you no qualms of conscience yourself, when you think of your relations with Balley?"

"No, sah, dere's no clams hangin on my conscience whatebber, sah. I done

all I could by him. I bin notis his onregenerate state for long time. I've walked wid him and talked wid him, an' taken him to my buzzum when he was de wust ob sinners. I've prayed for him, an' de last thing he tried to do was to murder me."

"I suppose you are going to preach him fairly into hell-fire," I said in deep disgust.

"Well, no, sah; but I'm boun' to set his bad 'zample befo' dese people. Woe unter me if I do n't call 'em to repent, an' fix dere 'tention to de oncertainty ob life, jes' as Proverdench hab done it wid him. I'm bleeched to warn 'em ob his 'zample, an' to speak de truf."

I relapsed into a silent study of this sacred rascal's nature, and wondered whether hypocrisy could be merged into self-deception.

We reached the lonely graveyard ere long. It was a night of all others suitable for such rites. The heavens were so completely draped in black clouds that not a star was visible. The darkness was oppressive. The night wind moaned through the pines, and the hoot of the owl swelled mournfully on the blast. The torches shed their glare upon the hillocks and rude sheds that marked the humble resting-places of the dead. The pall-bearers bore the coffin from the wagon, placed it beside the open grave, and loosened the screws, so that the lid at the proper time could be readily laid aside, so that all who wished to do so, could look for the last time on the face of the deceased.

The Rev. Abram Blanchard strode to his proper place, his heavy face portentous of the powerful homily which was to fall from his ponderous lips, and opening his hymn book, whined out the hymn, "Hark from the Tomb," in a wailing manner which added powerfully to the weirdness of the scene, and which was sung with like impressiveness by the congregation. He then gave out his text, "Lord, teach me to know my end, and the measure of my days that I may know how frail I am." He then proceeded with his remarks, which, as he warmed up to his work, he delivered in a crooning chant:

"My belubed hearers, we is met here for de purpose ob committin' to de erf de mortal remains ob one who was but yestiddy in good health and strenth, ez I kin testify; an' dis night he lies befo' you cole and still! De places dat knowed him wunst will know him agin no mo' forebber! He's gone to his 'count—and whar? Hit's not fur me to anser dat; fur de blessed Book hit say, 'Jedge not dat you be not jedge'; an' we can but trus' dat de grace ob de Lawd am boundless. Yet it also say, 'Ebery tree dat bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast inter de fire;' and fudder, hit say, 'By dey fruit shall ye know dem.' Den let us not jedge him, but let his own actions rise up in jedgment agin 'im. I speak not in malice, do' he hab dealt grievously wid me. I forgib him es freely on dis erf es I hope he may be forgibben in Heaven. But when he is strucken down in de prime ob his life, an' de fulness ob his sins, his 'zample mus' go as a warnin' to dem dat come arter him. An' now standin' befo' dis open grave made fer dis man who is gone wid all his sins upon his hed, I say woe unto me ef I don't cry loud an' spar not! I has, p'raps, knowed him summut longer dan de mos' ob you. I have knowed him sense he wus a chile, an' tel he become a man, in de bon's ob slavery, an' de joys ob freedom; an' I nebber yit has heard eny one, de rich or de po', de high or de low, de young or de old, de white or de black, de bond or de free, what could say dere wus much good in Balley. Yit I jedge him not, but I axes you, knowin' dese things, whar you 'spose he's gone? -An' you shudder! You knows ob his pilferin'; you knows dat dis flock, howebber kindly dey treat him, could n't gedder him inter de fold. You knows dat de pra'rs ob his wife, de daily 'sociation wid de paster, was powerless. You knows dat de las' crownin' sin ob his life was to struck down de 'umble minister who was prayin' for his po' benighted soul! An' now he's gone, an' agin I axes you de solumn question, whar you 'spose he's gone? An' knowin' all dese things, when de

question go down to de lowest deep ob your h'arts, you shudder! Oh, you shudder! Take warnin'! Oh, take warnin'! You see right here, dat in de midst of life we is in deth. Do you heed it? All de changin' affa'rs of life is er warnin', an' we heed dem not. Here is er warnin' almos' es great as dat Divus wished Lazzus to gib to his breddern, an' Abraham tell him dat ef dey did n't hear Moses an' de prophets, dey'd not be persuaded do one rose frum de dead! An' now right here, if Ball-ey, by Providence, mout rise outer his coffin to gib you warnin', what one ob you would hab faith enuff to stay an' listen to him? Dere would be none 'ceptin' dis 'umble minister ob de gospel—Angels ob Heaven! what's dat!—"

This ejaculation of the preacher, so utterly foreign to his discourse, was occasioned by a singular phenomenon; for as if his remarks were taken as an invocation or challenge, the coffin lid flew off, and Balley sat bolt upright, eyeing Abram, seemingly, with the stony stare of death. That reverend gentleman's lips came together with a sounding pop; his bulky form trembled like an earthquake. Wheeling in terror, he overthrew a torch-bearer, who was standing by and whom he grievously trampled as he took to flight, sped across the graveyard, and plunged like a solid shot into a briery thicket that skirted it.

A scene of indescribable confusion ensued; torches were thrown aside, and the panic-stricken negroes fled in every direction, yelling in the frenzy of their terror as they ran. One with a little more method in his madness bounded upon the mule which had been detached from the funeral wagon, and drumming frantically upon her ribs with his heels, sent her rattling through the graveyard with the speed of a deer. I own that I was sorely tempted to take to my heels, forgetful of my horse, which was hitched near by; and I would have done so, had not the thought flashed upon my mind that perhaps Balley had experienced an attack of catalepsy. Acting upon the thought, I summoned courage to approach him and examine him closely

with my lantern. I found him breathing and alive, but in something of a stupor. Through force of habit, I had brought with me my medicine case, and I proceeded at once to a prompt treatment, and to my satisfaction soon noted the good effect, and saw that with little trouble, I could remove him from the graveyard. As I looked around for aid, I discovered no one in sight, and I knew that nothing could tempt the negroes to the graveyard again that night. However, I called aloud, and was answered by a howl of terror from the thicket, where Abram, entangled in the briars, was so completely rattled by terror that he could not extricate himself, and my shout could only stimulate him to yelling forth frantic and incoherent prayers. As I listened to him, a grotesque idea struck me.

Mimicking Balley's voice, I called solemnly, "Ab'um! Oh, Ab'um!" He ceased howling, and after making a few fruitless plunges, he said, "Fer de lub ob Heaven, who is dat?"

"Hit's Balley," I answered.

Here Abram uttered another howl, and made a few more ineffectual plunges.

"Be still!" I shouted; "I ain't gwine hurt you—I jes' wanter warn you. In de place whar I cum frum, dey's got two blow pipes heatin' up a furnace specially for you, Ab'um; an' ef you wish to save yourse'f, you mus' listen to me."

"I'm er listenin', Balley! Po' mizerbul sinner dat I am, I'm er listenin'."

"How much quarterage is you collected, Ab'um?"

"Twenty-five dollars, Balley," groaned Abram, tugging at the briars.

"Well, de fus' thing you do in de mawnin' by sun up, go to Dr. Speed an' pay him de fifteen dollars you owe him; den go to Judy an' pay her de ten dollars you owe me. Dere's udder matters you got to straighten dat I won't mention now. I'll leave 'em to your conscience. Don't let de grass grow under yo' feet befo' you do it, or you may expect to see me agin. Far well, Ab'um, far well!"

Abram did not respond to this part-

ing salutation, but I could hear him struggling desperately with the relentless briars.

"I called again, "Ab'um! mus' I come an' help you out?"

Abram concentrated his efforts in one despairing, herculean plunge, and I heard his garments part company as he extricated himself; then the earth resounded to his quick and heavy foot-falls, which rapidly grew fainter in the distance, and all was quiet.

I now turned my attention to Balley, who was sufficiently recovered to mount my horse, and leading him out of the graveyard, we repaired to my office, in which we found a fire still burning in the fireplace. I replenished it, and giving Balley my buggy cushion for a pillow and a large rug to cover himself with, and bidding him lie down, I remained with him until I was satisfied that he was in a normal condition. Instructing him to be quiet until my return, I mounted my horse and rode quickly to his house, where many negroes were gathered together discussing the events of the night. I called Judy out, and with some difficulty explained the phenomenon, and convinced her that Balley had been in a trance; that he was resting quietly at my office, and would be home early in the morning. I gave her a dollar, and made her promise to keep the matter secret until he returned, as I had special reasons for it.

When I returned to the office Balley was still in good condition. I told him all the incidents of the funeral, of which he seemed to know nothing, not even of my conversation with Abram, in which I personated him; and notwithstanding the seriousness which his recent condition enforced upon him, a sense of the humorous predominated sufficiently to cause him to laugh heartily. I laid before him a plan through which I desired to give Abram one more dose of horror. But it required much persuasion before I could induce him to participate in it, as he said "dat he had 'bout enuff of de dead business." He finally consented to leave the office at daylight, if he still felt well, and conceal himself

at his house until Abram and myself came, and make his appearance at a given signal.

"But, doctor," said he, "do you b'lieve dat nigger will be dar?"

"I would gamble on it, Balley," said I, retiring to my bedroom. "I will leave the door open so that you can call me if you need me; meanwhile, see if you can't get a night's sleep."

At daylight the morning after the eventful funeral I was awakened by Balley, who, as usual, made my fire. He seemed to be fully restored, and departed for his home in good spirits.

Promptly at sunrise Abram put in an appearance—not the solemn, pompous Abram of old; he wore an air of deep dejection. There were numerous scratches on his face, and his decorous black coat was shorn of its tails.

After the usual morning salutation, he was silent for some time; then, with an air of painful perplexity, he spoke:

"Doctor, what in de name ob Heaven has become ob Balley? I met some ob de breddern jes now, who 'd jes come from de graveyard, an' dey say de coffin dar, but no Balley."

"I am unable to tell you, Abram, exactly where he is now. I have doubtless a clearer conscience than any of you; but do you think it was probable that any one would linger around that graveyard last night under the circumstances? It was a frightful warning, Abram, and I think it would be well for all of us to profit by it."

"Dat's de truf," said Abram, emphatically, "an' I, fer one, am gwine to begin right now. I bin think of it all night, and what a 'ceived, sinner I is, an' I 'terminated to clar my conscience at wunst. How much I been owin' you fer some time? Ain't it fifteen dollars?"

"That is precisely the amount, Abram."

"Well, dar it is," he said eagerly, counting it.

"Shall I give you a receipt, Abram?"

"Yes, sah, by all means gib me de 'ceipt—not dat I 'm fear'd it 'ul ebber come agin me; but dat's business, an' I may need it some time."

I wrote the receipt, which Abram folded and placed in his pocket.

"Now, doctor, will you hab de kindness to go wid me to sister Judy's? I got a little business what I wish you to witness."

I assented, and we took up our line of march to "sister Judy's." On the way I endeavored to draw him out regarding the transactions of the preceding night, but every effort was unavailing. He maintained an impenetrable silence.

When we arrived at Balley's house there was quite a crowd of the colored fraternity assembled in the yard discussing the adventures of the preceding night. Abram did not turn to the right or left. "Not the least obeisance made he, not a moment stopped or staid he," but he marched straight into the house, where Judy sat with a few cronies, who had doubtless overwhelmed her with all manner of inquiry and consolation.

"Good mawnin', sister Judy," said Abram, plunging at once *in medias res*.

"Hit's not fer me to offer conserlation dis mawnin', but to strai'ten my own affa'rs. De visitation ob las' night sot me to thinkin' 'bout my own failin's, an' de mistakes I mout er made, an' de mo' I thort, de mo' it 'pear to me dat I mout er wronged Balley. Enyhow, I want er be on de safe side, so dat ef I 'm called like he wus, my house will be in order. Hit may be possible dat I owe him dat ten dollars what we quarl 'bout; lese-wise, I don't want no room fer de doubt. Here 'tis, sister Judy, an' may de Lawd's blessin' go wid it. Doctor, will you please write de 'ceipt, sah?"

I tore a leaf from my memorandum book and scribbled a receipt with my pencil, to which Judy affixed her mark, and handed it to Abram who heaved a sigh of infinite relief.

"Now," he said, "my affa'rs is all squar, an' de load what wus pressin' me is lifted from my buzzum. Dere's no warnin' I dred now, an' ef de good Lawd wus to call me, I'd say, 'Lo, I am here!' Hit's well fer de conscience to be at perfec' peace."

Here I sneezed loudly; the kitchen

door opened and Balley entered the room regarding Abram sternly, and accosted him in solemn tones :

"Ab'um, what about Miss Stallin's fattenin' shoat?"

"Lawd hab mussy on me," yelled Abram springing high in the air, "Dar he is agin!" Darting out of the room, he sped across the yard. Turning a somersault over a picket paling which an acrobat might have envied, he picked himself up and dashed through a cotton patch, making a bee line for the woods. The cotton bolls flew ten feet in the air before him, as he fled like a fat omnibus horse to whom terror had given the speed of a racer. When he reached the ten-rail fence which enclosed the patch, I saw the rails fly right and left as if struck by a forty-pounder, as he dashed through and disappeared in the woods.

My long suppressed merriment at last asserted itself as I witnessed Abram's flight and the general consternation inspired by Balley's appearance, and I threw myself in a chair and laughed to exhaustion. The negroes who had rushed in as Abram dashed out, being somewhat reassured by my laughter, stood their ground, and ere long the whole matter was satisfactorily explained, and there was more rejoic-

ing over the sinner who had returned than sorrow over the saint who had departed.

Abram never showed his face again in Sheepee Cathedral. He prowled around for a short time, and learning the full explanation of the mystery and knowing that his authority and influence had departed forever, and also fearful of a visitation of the law on account of the little disclosure concerning "Miss Stallin's fattenin' shoat," he quietly gathered his belongings together, and wended his way to the Mississippi bottom.

As for Balley, the experience he had undergone proved beneficial. There has never been a return of his attack, which was doubtless brought on by trouble and suppressed anger. But he is a changed man, a consistent member of the church, but not a "riproarious" one. He has not lost the humorous and cheerful part of his character. Above all things, he is now strictly honest, and is liked by white and black. If the incumbent who occupies the pastorate of Sheepee church should be called to preach his funeral, which we trust will long be deferred, there will be no denunciations, but he will be truthfully held up as a shining example, whose course in life may

Point a moral or adorn a tale.



THE FIRST CUBAN EXPEDITION.

BY R. F. LOGAN.



THE following account of the first Cuban expedition under Lopez, in 1850, is taken chiefly from a diary kept by Colonel Marion C. Taylor, who was a participant in that ill-fated expedition. This diary is, I believe, the only authentic record extant of that interesting enterprise by an eye-witness. A good part of this narrative, however, is from information received from my father, John A. Logan, who unfortunately lost his life in Cuba, and from his comrades who were fortunate enough to make their escape and return home.

A few preliminary remarks in regard to the Cuban expeditions may be in order, because I find that many persons, even those who remember the general facts well enough, are disposed to class the several attempts made by Lopez to gain political independence for the island of Cuba as one event, whereas there were at least two expeditions fitted out by Lopez and his abettors for that purpose.

For many years previous to 1850 the native Cubans had been restive under the Spanish yoke. They had been oppressed by the Spanish government, impoverished by taxation, and treated with great harshness, if not brutality, by the Spanish officials. General Narcisso Lopez was a native of Venezuela, the son of a wealthy merchant, and served for a time in the army of the king of Spain. He retired from the Spanish army with the rank of colonel, in 1822, and emigrated to Cuba. From Cuba he went to Spain, and became adjutant of General Valdes, governor of Madrid. Afterward he was senator for Seville, but when the Cortes refused to admit the representative from Cuba he resigned his office. When General Valdes became governor general of Cuba, Lopez re-

turned to Cuba, and was employed by Valdes in various capacities connected with the government of the island. Lopez saw the oppressed condition of the Cuban people, sympathized with them in their distress, and eagerly seized every opportunity to encourage them to throw off the Spanish despotism.

In 1849 he visited the United States, and spent the greater part of his fortune in the organization of expeditions for the purpose of gaining the independence of Cuba.

The first one, of which I purpose to give a brief account in this paper, landed in Cardenas in May, 1850, and failed. The second expedition set out in August, 1851, and resulted even more disastrously than the first; for in the latter Colonel William L. Crittenden, who served in the command under Lopez, was taken prisoner and shot, and Lopez, who for a while made his escape into the mountains, was in a short time captured and garroted in Havana, September 1, 1851.

Whatever we, in the light of subsequent events, may think of the wisdom—or, rather, foolishness—of these attempts to capture a large, wealthy and populous island with a few hundred men, poorly armed and badly equipped, from the power of Spain, and to organize a rebellion among a native population unfit for self-government and totally unprepared for revolution, we must admit that the motive which inspired Lopez and his men was a worthy one; and we can but admire the spirit and devotion of the man who sacrificed first his fortune and then his life in an attempt which, had it proved successful, would have stamped him as one of the world's heroes and a benefactor of his race. We call these attempts to redeem Cuba from the tyranny of a foreign power "filibustering expeditions," and so they were from a strictly technical point of view,

but neither Lopez nor the men who joined him in these enterprises were actuated by the hope of personal aggrandizement, the spoils of war, or the mere love of glory.

The men he recruited were from Kentucky and the other Southern States. They were not freebooters nor buccaneers, but were of the best families of the land—such men as John T. Pickett, Thomas T. Hawkins, Theodore O'Hara, John A. Logan and Marion C. Taylor. Very true, they had inherited the martial spirit from their ancestors, and with it a love of liberty and free government; and no doubt they embraced the opportunity to display their valor in military exploits, not from a love of adventure or a spirit of acquisition, but to extend the domain of free government and to widen the influence of free institutions.

It has been said by some, and believed by many, that these expeditions were undertaken under the auspices of the Knights of the Golden Circle, and in behalf of the slave power of the South for the purpose of conquest, and to establish slavery as a perpetual institution in the Southern states, Mexico, Cuba and Central America. I know nothing about the Knights of the Golden Circle. If there was ever such a society, and probably there was, it was organized after the Cuban expedition, and with a different object in view. It would be a poor compliment to the intelligence and patriotism of the men who risked their lives in the Cuban cause to suppose that they could be made the stool-pigeons of the slave power in this way, as it would be an absurdity to suppose that the slave power could strengthen and extend itself by any such means. I heard my father say before he went to Cuba, and the statement was corroborated by others after their return, that there was an understanding between Lopez and the government of the United States to the effect that, should the expedition gain a foothold on the island and the Cuban patriots organize a *de facto* government, the United States would promptly recognize the new government, and give it such en-

couragement and protection as the circumstances would justify. I do not know what truth there may have been in this opinion, but whether or not there had been any such assurance given as herein indicated, it is very certain that the men who accompanied Lopez in this enterprise believed there had been; and as they were men of intelligence, we may reasonably assume that they had some foundation for entertaining this belief and acting upon it at the peril of their lives.

The plan adopted by Lopez and his officers was to land at Cardenas at night, seize the governor of the town with the garrison, push on by rail to Matanzas and capture the Spanish soldiers and their commander there, then issue a proclamation calling on the people of Cuba to rise in rebellion against the Spanish authorities, organize a government *de facto*, create armies, and strike for the liberty of their country. This was a bold scheme, perhaps a desperate adventure, but to those heroic Americans the plan seemed feasible enough. From their very cradles their imaginations had been fed and their enthusiasm had been fired by the memories of their heroic fathers, whose daring exploits in the Revolutionary war, in the war of 1812, and in the desperate struggles with the savages in the wilds of the West, had been the daily theme of those who rehearsed them with all the graphic details of passionate witnesses. Many of the men who joined Lopez had been soldiers and officers in the Mexican war, where they had imbibed the warlike spirit and a burning desire to emulate the example of their ancestors. These men were not mercenary soldiers hired for purposes of rapine and plunder, but the flower of the Southern states—most of them educated men, occupying the higher stations of life—the sons of planters, merchants, and statesmen; many were professional men, lawyers, doctors, and teachers, or were pursuing other highly respectable vocations; and nearly all of them were the sons of sires who had earned historic names.

The great mistake they made was

in judging other people by themselves. Knowing that the Cubans were enslaved by the rapacious Spaniards, and feeling that "all men were created free and equal," animated by the sentiment of "liberty or death," it never occurred to the minds of these American free-men that the love of liberty burned with a feeblér flame in the breast of the Cuban than in their own. They had been told that the Cuban people were ripe for rebellion and they believed it. They were deceived. Lopez himself was doubtless deceived and disappointed. The people of Cuba were not ready for revolution. They were not Anglo-Saxons; had they been they could not have been kept in their pitiable condition. They belong to an inferior race, and the curse of Ham was branded on their brows. A number of the more public spirited and ambitious of the Cuban young men had joined Lopez, and by their representations they had kept alive the enthusiasm of the Americans for the cause they had espoused; but the Cubans, as a class, though they had long chafed under the Spanish yoke, preferred "to endure the ills they had than fly to those they knew not of." They had longed for freedom, but, like all inferior races, they had no organizing ability; and, though their personal courage may not be disputed, they did not have that concert of action nor confidence in each other that lends enchantment to a cause which inspires heroism, surmounts all obstacles, endures all perils, and crowns victory with success.

Captain John A. Logan, who joined this expedition, was the oldest son of John Logan, and grandson of General Benjamin Logan, distinguished as a warrior and a statesman in the early history of Kentucky. John A. Logan was a lawyer by profession, and had once or twice represented Shelby county in the legislature. He was a man of fine address, above the medium size, well-built, handsome and athletic, well educated, and of marked ability. His mother was Ann Clark Anderson, daughter of Colonel Richard C. Anderson by his first wife, who was a sister of General George Rogers Clark.

Colonel Anderson was a patriot in the revolutionary war, and served on the staff of General Lafayette, with the rank of major. After peace was made with Great Britain, he moved to Kentucky and settled at "Soldiers' Retreat," near Middletown, in Jefferson county. He was the father of Richard C. Anderson, Jr., who twice represented the Louisville district in Congress and who afterward was minister to the Republic of Columbia. He died in South America in 1826. Colonel Anderson was the father also of General Robert Anderson, the hero of Fort Sumpter, of Ex-Governor Charles Anderson, Larz Anderson, and others of less note. John A. Logan had been first lieutenant in Captain Thomas Todd's company in the Mexican war. He was among the first to espouse the Cuban cause, and was unanimously elected captain of a company, composed of young men chiefly from Shelby and the adjoining counties.

Marion C. Taylor, another member of this expedition, whose diary is in my possession, was a native of Ohio county, Kentucky. In early manhood he taught school, studied law, and opened an office in Shelbyville, Kentucky, about 1848. He was an intimate friend of John A. Logan, and his colleague at the bar. He joined the Cuban expedition in 1850, as a private in Captain "Jack" Allen's company. He was in the fight at Cardenas on the 19th of May, and escaped with his companions on the "Creole" to Key West. From there he sailed to New Orleans, thence to Louisville by steamer, and returned to Shelbyville, his home, in June, having accomplished this eventful experience in a little more than two months, and leaving in the writer's possession the only authentic record of that expedition by an eye-witness.

These were representative men of the gallant band who staked their fortunes and their lives in behalf of Cuban independence. In military organizations there must needs be difference in rank and subordination in office, but there need not be inequality in social position; nor do I suppose that, in all the annals of warfare, a company of men

ever waved a flag or fired a gun on the battle-field who were so nearly on the social level as the command of Lopez, in his attempt to raise the standard of revolt on the "Queen of the Antilles."

In attempting to write this history it was a difficult question for me to decide which were the better plan—to relate the events in my own language, based on the memoranda in Colonel Taylor's journal, or to publish the journal itself. The first would give the reader a more connected narrative; the latter, a more graphic and picturesque story. I have adopted the latter method, and shall let these notes speak for themselves, prefacing these pages with the remark that I have adhered to the text as strictly as possible, abbreviating at times for obvious reasons, and omitting many details which are not germane to our subject. In the main I have given the language of the journal *verbatim*:

SHELBYVILLE, KY., April 3, 1850.

To-day, Wednesday, I set out for Louisville on the stage, the object before me being one of great moment and attended with many difficulties. I stopped at the Louisville Hotel, and had the pleasure of meeting many of my old friends. I purchased a double-barrel shot-gun, knife, etc. About 12 o'clock Captain Jack Allen and myself left for Portland, where we found the steamboat "Saladin." The balance of our company joined us during the evening. The day was pregnant with many little amusing incidents. We went on board the boat and remained there until the 6th.

PORTLAND, April 6th.

Preparations for our departure are going on rapidly. The Louisville boys joined us to-day, accompanied by some friends, and we had a gay time before they bid us adieu. It is now dark; the bell announces our departure; it is joyous news.

The trip to New Orleans was attended by little that was agreeable. The weather was dreary, but often pleasureable emotions were awakened by the beautiful scenery. The river was very high. We arrived at New Orleans on Friday morning, 12th inst. Colonel P. [Pickett]

came to the boat to see us. He is a man of good appearance; his character will be understood hereafter.

SATURDAY, 20th.

This evening six of our friends concluded to abandon the expedition and return to Kentucky. In this they may have acted wisely; but I have started and will see it out.

THURSDAY, 25th.

The appointed day of our departure arrived. After many disappointments we were ordered aboard the bark "Georgiana" at 5 o'clock P. M., and we marched to the bark with an active step. After dark the tow-boat that was to carry us to the Gulf appeared. All ready! Farewell, New Orleans! Many thoughts rush upon my mind—success, or perhaps an untimely grave, is near. Time will soon tell the story. I drew my blanket, threw it over my shoulder, lay down on the deck, and, with the vault of heaven for a covering, fell asleep.

FRIDAY, 26th.

I awoke this morning above Fort Jackson. At 10 o'clock we anchored six miles above the mouth of the Mississippi river, and remained there the balance of the day.

SUNDAY, 28th.

* * * Various are the speculations of the men as to the result of our expedition, among them many that are visionary and idle.

To-day, 30th inst., feel better; the boys are in better spirits, and the time passes more pleasantly. I became warlike to-day, and guarded the cask of water; stood guard over the provisions in the afternoon. This evening, the coast of Yucatan was in sight, and it was a joyful moment to the boys; but the cape had to be doubled before we could reach the desired island.

May 3, 1850.

To-day there was a reorganization of some of the companies, and I joined Captain Jack Allen's company as a private.

On May 5th, to our great joy, we came in sight of the island of Contey, and concluded to land.

May 6th.

The wind is so high that we could approach no nearer the shore than one mile, and had to land by means of small boats. I was among the last to go ashore, and I took a stroll along the coast. It was a glorious moment. How feeble are the descriptions of the grandeur of the ocean! A thousand emotions rush upon my mind, and my kinsfolk and friends feel dearer to me than ever before. Why is this? I cannot tell. I returned to camp more deeply impressed with the grandeur of nature, the wisdom of God, and my own nothingness.

CONTEY ISLAND, May 7th.

This island is in the Caribbean sea, on the eastern coast of Yucatan. It is five miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide; on it there are three or four fishermen's huts, deserted, and a few wells, but the water is so brackish that we cannot drink it. With a fellow-soldier by the name of Edward Davis I spent the day exploring the island. We found the sea grape and hicaco; I ate some of the latter and it served very well as a substitute for water. As we approached the southern portion of the island, we came across two Mexicans gathering caycan, a kind of weed used in making soap, and, as my companion spoke their language, in a few moments they became quite sociable. They gave us some water and invited us to go with them to their boat, where they gave us some corn cakes to eat and some milk and water mixed to drink, and we regarded this as a very fine repast.

Upon this barren, desolate, and uninhabited island we found a grave in which were the remains of a young female in a mahogany coffin. At the head of the grave was a cedar cross, upon which was inscribed, "Selindena Ferogo." What can be the true story of this lonely grave? Could the language of the dashing waves be interpreted as they speak in tones of thunder at the foot of the grave, they might reveal some facts that would add another to the calendar of crimes. On our return to camp we found that preparations were being made to re-embark in order to go to the island of Mohares [Mogeres?], where we could get water.

AT SEA, May 11th.

At ten o'clock A. M., after three days' sailing (on account of the calm), we anchored near the coast of Contey, greatly to our chagrin, for now all hopes of landing on the island of Mohares [Mogeres?] were blighted.

SUNDAY, May 12th.

To-day the boys signed an instrument binding themselves to obey the regulations of the army, which were in accordance with those of the United States army.

[The barren island of Contey, off the coast of Yucatan, was the place of rendezvous of the adventurers from the United States and from Cuba. This fact might be inferred from Colonel Taylor's language, but he does not state it explicitly.]

MAY 13.

We were aroused from our beds by the joyful cry: "Here comes the steamer 'Creole'!" so long looked for. Loud were the cheers as she drew near. After a short delay, she went to the island of Mohares for a supply of water, and was to return to convey us to the island of Cuba. We received our uniforms to-day, which consisted of a red flannel shirt and a cap with a lone star.

AT SEA, Wednesday, May 15th.

The "Creole" returned; on event of our jackets, General Lopez appointed Colonel Pickett, of our regiment, to present to us the flag of Cuba, as made by the revolutionists, which was done with a few appropriate remarks, and were responded to by three cheers. [It is unfortunate that Colonel Taylor gives no description of this revolutionary flag in his diary.] It was truly an imposing scene to behold, upon the tossing billows of the ocean, two vessels, on each of which flags were presented to the troops going to fight for the oppressed of Cuba. The "Creole" then ran along side of the "Georgiana," and both men and stores were placed aboard the "Creole." The Kentucky regiment then joined the Mississippi and the Louisiana regiments. Some twenty men here refused to go any further with us, and they remained on the "Georgiana" to return home. Ten men deserted from the

"Creole" at Mohares. At one o'clock that night we bid adieu to the "Georgiana," she to return to New Orleans and we to go to Cuba. Muskets were now issued to the men and they were requested to keep them in good order. Friday, 17th, was spent in drilling the men in the manual of arms; and they were exceedingly merry.

SATURDAY, May 18th.

To-day has been looked forward to with much anxiety, as it was the day on which we expected to land on Cuba. General Lopez held a council of war with his officers; we had to take off our uniforms on account of the numerous vessels that sailed near us. Late in the afternoon we were reviewed by General Lopez, who made a short speech, which was interpreted by General Gonzales, chief-of-staff. He concluded by saying that "we should remember that we were the sons of Washington, and had come to free a people." We then received sixty rounds of ammunition and made preparations to land at Cardenas.

SUNDAY, May 19th, 1850.

We approached the city of Cardenas and found a number of vessels in port; grounded near the shore, but, after much difficulty, succeeded in landing. Colonel Pickett took charge of a detachment of sixty men, including Captain Allen's company, and was ordered to pass through the city and to take possession of the depot and cars on the railroad leading to Havana. Scarcely had we accomplished this when we heard the discharge of arms. The war had commenced; it was do or die. The fight lasted from four o'clock A. M. till six o'clock A. M.—two hours. The firing was begun by the Spaniards, who were quartered in the house of the governor and other houses. It was magnificent to hear the grand roar of musketry and rifles. Then went up the loud and long shouts of our men. In the meantime, the house of the governor was set on fire by our men; the governor then surrendered, and again is heard the shouts of our boys. General Lopez came to where we were stationed and informed us that his adjutant, General Gonzales, Colonels Wheat and

O'Hara, and others were wounded, and several of our men had been killed. We remained at the depot until evening, when we received orders to march back to town. As we approached Main street, we saw the Mississippi and Louisiana regiments filing off in the direction of our steamer, and in the rear of one of the regiments marched the governor and two officers that were captured. We were halted as we crossed Main street; but in a few moments our position was changed from a perpendicular to a parallel to Main street, and scarcely were we halted before the Spaniards began to fire on our troops. The fight lasted but a short time. They made three charges with lancers, who fought bravely. Seven of them were killed by Captain Allen's company, of which I was a member. The Spaniards had some infantry, placed in the rear; but their horsemen, failing to accomplish their plan, namely, to break our ranks and let the infantry cut off our retreat, they did not renew the attack. The number of Spaniards engaged is not definitely known to me, but their loss was doubtless very considerable. We lost in the two actions that day, killed and wounded, about forty men. We were victorious and marched in good order to the steamer "Creole." It was in this fight that my gallant friend, Captain John A. Logan, of Shelbyville, Kentucky, was mortally wounded, and died of wounds on the night of the same day.

We had gone but a few miles from the port when our boat grounded, and we spent the balance of the night in getting her off. Provisions and arms were thrown overboard, and still our boat remained fast until four loads of men were removed to a large rock by the small boats, and then she finally moved off. General Lopez thought proper to liberate the governor and the two officers, on the condition that they would save the lives of any of our men that might be left on the island.

AT SEA, May 20th.

To-day the vote was taken whether we should go to Key West or attempt a second landing. It was decided that we should go to Key West. We consigned

the mortal remains of Captain John A. Logan to the restless waves of the sea, and also the remains of one other comrade. We anchored upon the coast of Key West that night.

TUESDAY, 21st.

We obtained a pilot and set out for Key West, but a few hours later we discovered a Spanish man-of-war, the "Pizarro," and were made aware of the fact that we were to be captured, if possible. The chase was a desperate one, and lasted three hours. [When it was discovered that the Spanish man-of-war "Pizarro" was in hot pursuit of the "Creole," a council of war was held on the "Creole," and it was decided that should the man-of-war overtake the steamer, they would grapple and board the "Pizarro," and, if overpowered, blow up the "Creole" and destroy the Spaniards with themselves, rather than fall into the hands of their cruel enemies. It may be that the officers of the "Pizarro" knew well enough the spirit of the men on the "Creole," and that two hundred or three hundred determined men, armed with cutlasses and pistols, resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible, was not a foe to be trifled with, and that they were well satisfied to let them escape into the harbor of Key West.]

THURSDAY, May 23d.

The United States authorities arrested several of our officers, but they were released upon giving bond for their appearance in New Orleans. I called to see Thomas F. King, an attorney of the place, and found him quite an agreeable gentleman. He purchased my double-barrel shot-gun, which secured the means to pay my way to New Orleans.

FRIDAY, 24th.

We secured a schooner to-day, and by 2 o'clock P. M. went aboard—about two hundred men. There was a heavy gale that night, and much anxiety was manifested for our safety.

AT SEA, Monday, 27th.

A steamer caused great commotion among the men to-day, on account of a rumor that she was the Spanish man-of-war "Pizarro," but it turned out to be a United States steamer. A fine gale in the afternoon. About 10 o'clock P. M. we cast anchor. The captain told us that we were within four miles of Tampa, when, in fact, we were ten miles from that town. We all landed by daylight, set out for Tampa, and had a hard march. I secured boarding there with a Dr. Roberts, and met some very agreeable people, among them a Miss Elizabeth Livers, a daughter of a gentleman who was a commissary in the United States army. General Twiggs was in command at Tampa and ordered rations to be issued to our men, which were thankfully received.

May 30th.

I called this morning to see General Twiggs and found him quite talkative. He advised us to get out of dangerous places as soon as possible, but thought that we ought to have remained in Cuba. A gentleman of the commissary department of the United States army contributed provisions for myself and six companions to last us till we reached New Orleans.

Colonel Taylor sailed from Tampa on the first of June, and after a somewhat tempestuous voyage, he arrived at New Orleans on the sixth of that month. There he met an old friend who lent him money to pay his way to Louisville. He left New Orleans on the same day on the steamboat "Kendall," but owing to the low stage of water in the Ohio river, did not reach Owensboro till the sixteenth instant. Colonel Taylor closes his journal on the sixteenth of June in these words:

"Off the bar, and now for Louisville; thence home. P. S.—The foregoing is but a skeleton of the expedition to Cuba in 1850. I have a great deal to say respecting it, but have neither the time nor the disposition to do so at present."

He never wrote another line about it.

KENTUCKY WHISKY.

BY W. E. BRADLEY.



MASH STICK.

OF all the products of their native state for which enthusiastic Kentuckians are apt to claim especial perfection, none is more truly indigenous or essentially characteristic than the one whose name appears at the head of this article. Pennsylvania and Maryland, the only other whisky-producing states, manufacture rye whisky only, and, while their total output is only a fraction of the Kentucky yield, its quality, if judged by the market price, is much inferior to that of the best Kentucky brands. Nor has its method of manufacture been evolved along especial lines calculated to develop the peculiar results reached in the Kentucky product. The other distilling states manufacture high wines and cologne spirits, alcoholic products chiefly made and controlled by a corporate body originally

named and still known as the "Distillers and Cattle Feeders' Trust," with headquarters at Peoria, Illinois, and which is frequently spoken of as the "Whisky Trust," a misnomer as misleading as it is incorrect, since its members make very little whisky, have few interests in common with the whisky distillers, and are in most respects antagonistic to them.

The chief components which all alcoholic liquors have in common are alcohol and water; but, besides these, each of them which is used as a beverage has in addition its peculiar constituents which give it its distinguishing character and flavor, as brandy, rum, whisky, etc. Whisky made from grain has in addition its grain flavor, as rye whisky, bourbon or corn whisky, etc.

Alcohol, as such, and the process of distillation were probably unknown to the ancients, as no mention of either is found in their writings. They were, of course, familiar with wine and its intoxicating effects, but did not distinguish its essential principle.

It is probable that the art originated in Spain or Italy, where the product of the distillation of wine was known as "acqua vite," or "acqua di vite"—water of the vine. This was probably corrupted during the monastic ages into "aqua vitae"—water of life—a very simple and natural transition, when its beneficent medicinal effects were known and recognized. The monks retained the secret and dispensed the remedy until the dissolution of the monasteries, when the public speedily took advantage of the diffused knowledge, and honored the product of the new industry with its highest esteem.

Among the Irish, the "aqua vitae" became known as "usquebaugh" or "iskebaghah," meaning also "water of life." From "iske," the first syllable of the latter word, is probably derived our word "whisky."

The virtues of usquebaugh and the method of its production are described in the Red Book of Ossory, a work compiled some five hundred years ago.

Alcoholic liquors have always been favorite objects of excise taxation, the laws regulating which have been subject to numerous changes, according to the various views of law-makers as to the most successful means of collecting the largest revenue; consequently, the methods and appliances, instead of being developed in the interest of improvements in the manufacture, have been, in many cases, more especially adapted to avoid as much as possible the hardships of the excise. At one time in Scotland, the law was so framed that the tax was collected in accordance with the size

of the still, which was supposed to be capable of being filled, the spirit distilled, and the refuse emptied, in eight minutes. By a new mechanical arrangement, however, this series of operations was completed in from two and a half to three and a half minutes, with an obvious pecuniary benefit to the distiller in regard to the tax, but at the expense of the quality of the product. In Belgium, the revenue was at one time collected on the basis of a period of twenty-four hours for the fermentation, a process which cannot be properly completed in less than from forty-eight to seventy-two hours.

All alcoholic liquors are produced by the fermentation of some saccharine substance, which is either produced during the growth of the plant which contains it, or artificially by chemical change. Whisky is made from grain, generally corn or rye, and the different steps, as conducted in this country, are: first, grinding; second, mashing; third, fermentation; fourth, distillation; fifth, aging. The object of grinding is to reduce the raw material to such a condition that it can be promptly and effectually acted upon in the mash tub. Starch forms a large percentage of the grain. When heated with a proper proportion of water or other suitable liquid, the starch granules expand greatly, and the mass becomes soft and pasty. The grinding is done in an ordinary mill, which is part of the equipment of every complete distillery, the meal being delivered in a hopper suspended over the mash tub, where it is weighed by the storekeeper, who is the revenue officer appointed by the government to be constantly present while the distillery is in operation. There are two methods of mashing: first, by machinery, which will now be described, with the view of giving a general idea of the production of grain spirit; and, second, the hand-made process, which is essentially of Kentucky origin, and will be more fully explained in its proper place.

When the mashing is done by machinery, the mash tub is generally a vessel of wood or iron, from ten to twenty feet in diameter, and from four to six feet deep, with apertures for the

admission of steam, copper coils for the circulation of cold water, and a large power-driven rake to agitate the contents. Mashing is not, as many—misled by the similarity in the meaning of the words—have supposed, a method of crushing or grinding the grain—that has been done previously in the mill; but it is a technical term for the process by which the starch of the grain is converted into glucose or grape sugar.

At the beginning of the mashing, the mash tub is filled about half full of water at a temperature of about one hundred and forty degrees Fahrenheit. The meal is then gradually introduced, and by the motion of the rake is thoroughly incorporated with the water. The heat is gradually increased by the admission of steam, until a temperature of about two hundred and twelve degrees Fahrenheit is reached. By this time the mass is like hasty pudding, and is "cooked." Cold water is now admitted to the coils, and when the temperature is reduced to about one hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit, about ten per cent. in weight of ground malt and from five to ten per cent. of rye meal are admitted. Malt is made generally of barley by a process of germination, during which a substance called "diastase" is developed, which has the power of converting starch into grape sugar. Immediately on the introduction of the malt, the thick, adhesive mass begins to grow thinner, and finally becomes so liquid that it will flow freely through the trough which conducts it to the fermenters, into which it is admitted as soon as the temperature is reduced to the proper point. It also becomes very sweet in consequence of the conversion of the starch into grape sugar.

The fermenters are wooden tanks, holding from 1,000 to 40,000 gallons each, according to the needs or caprice of the distiller. Upon the introduction of the mash, which generally occupies about sixty per cent. of the capacity of the tubs, it is diluted with artificially cooled slop from a previous distillation, from which the coarser parts have been removed by a strainer, leaving a thin, acid liquid, containing yeast cells and a portion of unconverted starch. When

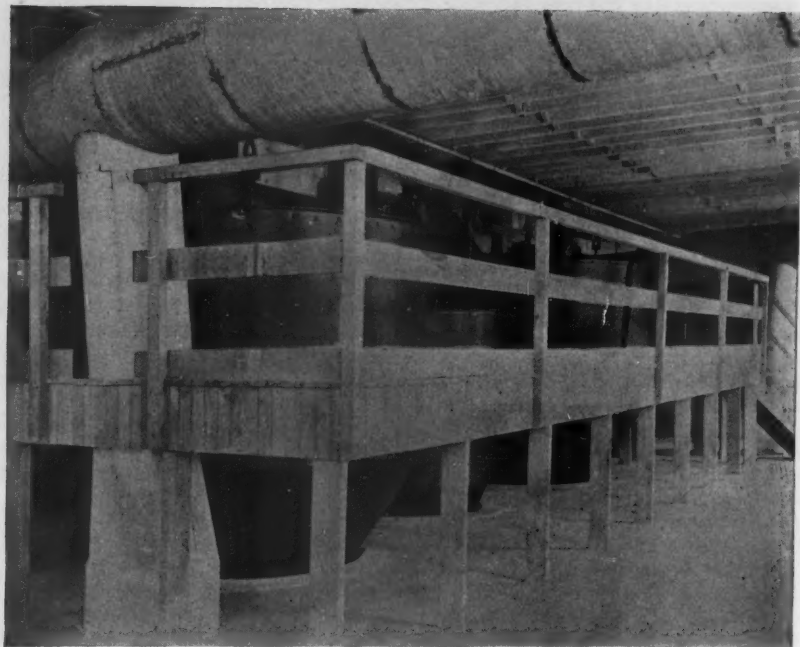


MILL ROOM.

the tub is filled to within a few inches of the top, yeast, either made especially for the purpose, or dipped off from a fermenting tub previously set and in active fermentation, is thoroughly incorporated in the liquid. It is then left to ferment. In a few hours small bubbles appear on the surface, indicating the beginning of the fermentation. The mass is soon in violent agitation in consequence of the rapid formation and escape of the carbonic acid gas, which is one of the chief products of the fermentation, the other being the alcohol, which remains in the mixture. On the third day the fermentation is less energetic, and in from sixty to seventy-two hours generally ceases altogether, provided everything is working well.

This is one of the most difficult parts of whisky-making to conduct successfully. The yeast is liable to become contaminated by microscopic germs which obstruct and modify its normal action, causing decrease of yield and excess of fusel oil.

Yeast cells multiply rapidly in the fermentable liquid, and, as they are nitrogenous in character, it is necessary to supply them with proper nourishment. This is the reason why rye meal is added in the mash tub, as it contains a considerable percentage of nitrogenous matter. An acid liquid is also necessary for its proper and healthy action. Previous to 1880, water was used for diluting the mash after its delivery in the fermenters, and as no acid was present, the yeast was compelled to expend some of its energy in forming this before fermentation. This delay gave opportunity for excessive development of the antagonistic germs, and often with disastrous results. The strained and artificially cooled slop, however, contains the necessary acid, and so gives the mash the proper character for the prompt and efficient action of the yeast. In addition to this it contains valuable matters not previously converted into sugar, which are subjected to the saccharifying action



MEAL HOPPERS.

of the diastase after delivery in the fermenter. Its use results practically in an increase of yield over the old method of from three pints to three quarts of proof spirit to the bushel of grain used, with a marked improvement in the quality of the whisky, which is more uniform in character and freer from objectionable flavors.

The fermented liquid is called beer, and is now ready for distillation. This is entirely a mechanical process, made possible by the fact that alcohol is vaporized at a lower temperature, one hundred and seventy-three degrees Fahrenheit, than water, which boils at two hundred and twelve degrees Fahrenheit. A complete separation, however, is not possible in this way, and a method of concentration is necessary in order to produce liquor of the required strength. This may be accomplished by repeated separate distillations, but it is more convenient and economical to use stills with different compartments, arranged one above another, and con-

nected by pipes or openings. The beer being admitted to the upper one, gradually descends to the lower, whence it is finally discharged as slop or spent beer. The vapor from the lower compartment boils the contents of the second, that from the second boiling the third, and so on; the rationale of the process being that when the mixture of the heated vapors of alcohol and water pass from the lower chamber to the next, the aqueous vapor is condensed to a greater extent than the alcoholic, causing the united vapors from the second to become still richer in alcohol, until finally vapor of the required strength passes out from the upper chamber to the worm, which is a long, tapering copper pipe, coiled in a tall tank filled with water for condensing the vapor. The liquid which is discharged from the smaller end or "tail," is known as "low wines" or "singlings." This is again distilled in a single-chambered still known as a "doubler," the resulting vapor being



MASH TUB.

condensed in the same manner as before, and producing whisky. While the redistillation in the doubler produces spirit of the full strength required, this is not its chief purpose, as the same result can be attained directly from the beer still, if constructed with a sufficient number of chambers. Much more important is its direct effect on the character of the whisky, the spirit distilled directly from the beer being naturally more easily contaminated with impurities carried over by the rush of the vapor, on account of the larger quantity of solid matter contained in the still. The singlings are generally nearly colorless, and whatever undesirable constituents they may contain is in such small proportion that there is much less danger of its appearance in the second distillate.

Proof spirit, according to the United States standard, consists of 50 parts alcohol and 53.71 parts water. When mixed, this quantity contracts to 100 parts, on account of the strong affinity of the components for each other, as shown by the rise in temperature which accompanies the act of mixing; the strength is then 100 per cent., as shown

by the standard hydrometer, 200 per cent. indicating absolute alcohol, which is not known commercially, while zero indicates the entire absence of alcohol, all the indications being taken at a temperature of sixty degrees Fahrenheit.

After doubling, the whisky is drawn off by the revenue officers into barrels of about forty-five gallons capacity, the interior surface of which has previously been charred by fire before putting in the heads. It is then stored in bonded warehouses, in charge of the government, to ripen, which is technically known as "aging."

The explanation of this process is intimately connected with the answer to the question often asked, "What is it which gives its acknowledged superiority to Kentucky whisky." Many have attributed it to the peculiar character of the limestone water which, in the Bluegrass section of the state—whose product was the first to attain especial reputation—comes from the Silurian rocks. They cite in evidence the futile attempts to obtain the same results, made in other states, with the same kind and quality of materials, manipulated in the Kentucky way by men familiar with

its details. This theory would, however, prove too much, as it would indicate, in spite of evidence to the contrary, the probability of similar results in other localities outside of the state, and underlain by the same geological formation, and would eliminate from the problem those sections of Kentucky not in the Bluegrass area.

Others assert a direct influence of the climate, but without indicating why or how.

The theory which seems to be the most plausible goes much deeper than this, and although it is not possible of complete demonstration in the present state of scientific knowledge, yet it is so well supported by collateral facts, while offering a complete solution of the question, that it may well be accepted as provisionally true.

It is well known that in the wine districts of Europe, certain areas produce valuable wines of a peculiar quality, while adjacent localities raising precisely the same kind of grapes, and with the same character of soil, yield those of a very different and inferior quality, and this in spite of every effort and appliance tending to identity of results. So marked in some instances is this peculiarity that the limits of its action are as sharply defined as if the favored area were an island in the ocean.

Likewise, in the growth of germs; one locality, in no apparent respect differing from neighboring ones, may especially favor the development of one or more species while excluding others. Similarly the body of one person may be a favorable medium for the development of morbid germs, while that of another who has been equally exposed to the same contagion, and, so far as can be seen, possessing no greater power of resisting it, may enjoy entire immunity. Why all these things are so is very difficult of explanation, on account of the complexity of the conditions involved, but the facts themselves have been so abundantly demonstrated as to admit of no denial.

The yeast which causes the fermentation of must consists of microscopic cells, appearing to the naked eye like

dust, and is deposited from the air, on the outside of the grapes and on the stalks during the ripening period. Associated with it are the germs of other ferments, and of fungoid growths, all going into the wine vat with the crushed fruit, and modifying the action and results of the true vinous ferment. Experiment and observation have shown that these varying conditions materially affect the flavor of the wine, and there is doubtless an intimate connection between the phenomena of wine production and germ distribution, with a corresponding difference in the character of the product.

In the same manner, in the manufacture of whisky, while the action of the alcoholic or vinous yeast is always the same in its tendency, yet the character of the fermented product may be greatly varied in different localities by the simultaneous action of other germs, known collectively as impure ferments, to distinguish them from the true alcoholic ferment. As in different localities, and under different conditions, their action would not always be equally energetic, either collectively or relatively, the different combinations would naturally produce a variety of results.

In the fermentation of the mash these various agencies produce, in addition to the ordinary or ethyl alcohol, a variety of by-products, known collectively as "fusel oil," which boil at a higher temperature than ethyl alcohol. These, however, are not oils at all, but are known chemically as alcohols, differing in chemical composition and physical character from the ethyl alcohol, but formed on the same general plan. The most prominent of these fusel oil products is always amyl alcohol, known commonly as "potato oil," on account of its appearance in excessive quantities during the fermentation of mash made from potatoes. Besides this are butylic, propylic, and other alcohols. The beer contains as additional by-products small portions of lactic and acetic acids. While theoretically it is possible to separate the alcohol from all these by distillation, on account of its lower boiling point, yet in practice small portions are



FERMENTING TUBS.

carried over mechanically with the principal vapors, and appear in the distillate.

There is a widespread impression that, because fusel oil is in itself poisonous, its presence in whisky must be permanently injurious, and that, therefore, that whisky must necessarily be the best which originally contained the least of this component. Nothing can be further from the truth. An entire removal of everything except the alcohol and its associated water would give "neutral," "French," or "cologne" spirit, capable of no improvement by age. Fine whisky cannot be produced unless it contains the proper proportions of fusel oil and of organic acids. When it is stored for ripening,

the action of the acids on the fusel oil produces fragrant ethers, such as butyric ether (pineapple essence), acetate of amyl (pear oil), valerianate of amyl (apple oil), etc., with the disappearance of the original substances from which they are produced, together with the objectionable characteristics to which their presence gives rise, and with the accession of the mellowness and aroma so marked in well matured whisky.

As all these conditions depend primarily upon the character of the various ferments present during the fermentation of the beer, it may justly be inferred that the superior quality of Kentucky whisky must depend mainly on the character and association of



MASH BROOM.

Kentucky yeast germs. This hypothesis also accounts for the fact that each fine whisky-producing section of the state, while limited in area, has its individual peculiarities in this respect.

The aging process is accompanied by a marked decrease in the contents of the barrels, as the wood is sufficiently porous to permit of constant evaporation at the rate of over two gallons per year from barrels of the average size. When the tax is paid at the end of three years the loss after that time increases the cost very rapidly, on account of the larger amount invested, and with interest, storage, etc., leaves little margin of profit even at the high prices charged for old whiskies. If stored in bottles or other tight vessels this loss does not occur. Several years ago the Canadian parliament, recognizing the importance of the aging process, enacted a statute forbidding the shipment of any whisky less than two years old. The requirements of the law were technically complied with by storing the product in copper tanks, tinned on the inside, and hermetically sealed, so as to avoid all evaporation and consequent loss. The liquor was, therefore, for all practical purposes, as "new" at the end of the two years as when first warehoused. Really, however, this made little difference, as the quality of the product was such that it would not, in Kentucky, be called whisky, corresponding more nearly with the neutral spirit made in Peoria, which is of such a character that, even if stored in charred barrels, the lapse of time cannot improve it. The most obvious result was the restriction of competition, as any new distillery enterprise would be obliged to wait for two years before it could compete for patronage, meanwhile undergoing heavy expense, with an intensification of the unavoidable risk attending all new commercial undertakings.

The charring process to which the barrels are subjected produces a thin, brown layer beneath the charred surface, which contains a coloring matter soluble in alcohol. When filled with whisky this coloring matter is extracted, the liquid becoming first pink, then of a straw color, then of a rich amber hue, which gradually deepens with the lapse of years. Tannic acid is also extracted from the oak of which the barrel is made, imparting the astringency shown by liquors stored in wood. The entire series of changes occurring in the aging process are hastened by the action of heat, either natural or artificial.

In the production of high wines and cologne spirits, while the chemical changes of starch to glucose and of glucose to alcohol are essentially the same, there is some difference in the mechanical means used, inasmuch as the grain is cooked to a much higher temperature, so that the organic materials are scorched, as shown by the appearance of the beer, which is of a coffee color, and by the empyreumatic taste imparted to the distillate. Less care is taken to procure only first-class grain, the main object being to produce the largest quantity of spirit at the least cost, as the distilled product is immediately rectified by forcing it, under heavy pressure, through charcoal closely packed in strong iron vessels, which removes all the fusel oil, together with any objectionable flavor which the nature of the raw material or the character of the process may have imparted, the object being to produce a spirit containing nothing but alcohol and its accompanying water. This is extensively used as the chief ingredient in compounded or imitation liquors. These mixtures are flavored with various materials which, if used in unrectified spirit, would be easily detected on account of the excessive quantity required to mask its original flavor. Burnt sugar is generally used to give the desired color, the object being to imitate that of the naturally ripened liquor.

It must not be inferred, however, from what has been said of the connection



MASH AND SLOP COOLER.

between the processes of fermentation and aging, that the Kentucky distiller is so blessed by nature that his local yeast germs will, without his attention, bring to him reputation and wealth. All they can do is to assist him in producing certain results which are the legitimate outcome of his own prudence, care, and vigilance. Like all those who would gather from the synthesis of environing forces aid for their undertakings, he must be content to guide where he cannot control, assured that agencies which produce results so important, while their modes of action are so subtle, must be virulent enemies whenever their united efforts are forced by untoward conditions to oppose instead of assist. Such hostile action, too, seems sometimes inspired with especial energy, defying all efforts at pacification, and it may be only after much care, effort, and expense that the disturbing elements are removed, and satisfactory relations again established.

It may seem that the two allied statements, one of which posits the benign action of foreign ferments as a necessary condition for the production of the

fusel oil required for the initiation, progress and completion of the aging process, while the other asserts that the same ferments may be most destructive in their action, involves a contradiction, but this is by no means implied. For while their presence in the proper quantity does not interfere with the desired action of the true alcoholic ferment, an excess is destructive of material and produces an excess of fusel oil, which is worse than a deficiency, as it cannot be eliminated in the aging process. This result is intensified by the diminished production of alcohol, and consequent less dilution of by-products. It is in preserving the proper balance between these two opposing conditions that the art of the distiller is shown. Even after the fermentation is complete, there must be no relaxation of vigilance, for not all the by-products should be transferred to the distillate. The stills must be so constructed and operated that the proper proportion shall be carried over and no more. An excess in the beer involves the necessity of extra precaution to avoid an excess in the distillate,



MASH TUBS FOR HAND-MADE PROCESS.

and even when the beer is as it should be, any lack of care is liable to be shown in the final result. The ideally perfect whisky is one which when stored for aging shall contain enough of the by-products to furnish the flavoring ethers by their transformation, but which when fully matured shall be entirely free from fusel oil.

Whisky made from corn is always spoken of in Kentucky and by the trade as "bourbon," a name supposed to be derived from Bourbon county, Kentucky, whose product was the first to obtain a more than local reputation. The distilleries in those early days were very crude affairs. A location was sought near some clear spring. All the work except the grinding was done by hand. It was in these pioneer establishments that the hand-made process originated. The mash tubs, which were sometimes used as fermenters also, were shaped like small hogsheads, having only one head and holding from eighty to one hundred gallons each. A suitable quantity of the mashing liquid, at a temperature as near the boiling point as possible, was first introduced, and then a measured quantity of meal, about a bushel or a bushel and a quarter, was slowly poured in, the "mash hands," with their "mash sticks," meanwhile vigorously stirring the ingredients whose united mass filled the tub about half full. Water was at

first used as the mashing liquid, but for this was soon substituted as a matter of economy the slop, or spent beer, drawn directly from the still while boiling hot. This of course simplified the mashing, inasmuch as it obviated the necessity of an especial preliminary heating, but it was productive of much more important results than those at first intended, for this treatment of the mash furnished a favorable nidus for the development of those germs whose united action and its results gave its distinguishing character to Kentucky whisky. It must not be supposed, however, that such an auspicious outcome was invariable, as the opposite was very often the case. An absence of the machinery and facilities now employed for obviating the results of unfavorable conditions left too much to luck. After the charge was introduced, the tubs were allowed to stand undisturbed, to cool until the next working day. The cooling was accomplished by contact of air, and, of course, was faster or slower according to the season of the year. In the winter the cooling would proceed too fast, and in the summer too slowly. Spring and fall were the seasons which seemed to furnish the most favorable conditions for the growth and vigor of the proper germs. Whisky made in the winter was liable to be light bodied, with a deficiency of aroma and flavor, while that produced

in summer was in danger of being rank and disagreeable, on account of excess of fusel oil. Hence, there grew up a prejudice in the trade in favor of the spring and fall product, and so strong was the reason for its existence that it continues to the present time, notwithstanding the fact that the improved facilities furnished by more modern methods and machinery have obviated every difficulty, and there is no reason

the consequent extraction of the starch, resulting in waste of material and inferior whisky.

A sufficient quantity of malt and rye meal and cold water was introduced into the mash tubs, and the mash sticks vigorously used in order to mix the materials as thoroughly as possible. The formation of grape sugar aided the process by its liquefying action, but many lumps of unconverted starch re-



INTERIOR OF WAREHOUSE.

why, with the same quality of material, the whisky made in a completely equipped distillery in any month should not be equally as good as that made in any other.

After standing the regulation time, the cooked meal was "broken up." Its sticky character made this a difficult task to accomplish satisfactorily, and some of the old-time distillers maintained, both in precept and practice, that better results could be obtained by using coarse meal; this certainly facilitated the breaking up, but prevented thorough cooking, and

maintained, so that after the introduction of motive power in distilleries it was customary to subject the mash to the disintegrating action of some form of apparatus, called a mash breaker, and which consisted generally of rapidly revolving drums or rakes, with projecting teeth, or of corrugated surfaces arranged like millstones and with similar motion. The materials were now delivered into the fermenter, which was then filled with water, and, if it was desired to make the old-fashioned sour-mash whisky, a sufficient quantity of "top yeast" was taken from a fermenting



A KENTUCKY DISTILLERY, WOODFORD COUNTY.

tub previously set and in active fermentation, no fresh or artificial yeast being used, except when the distillery was first started for the season, no top yeast, of course, being then available. It can easily be seen, from this description, how irregular must have been the character of the fermentable material when finally delivered in the fermenter. The regulation of temperatures, now considered the most material point of the whole process, was very crudely attempted, and some of the old-timers ignored entirely the use of the thermometer, if perchance they had ever heard of such an innovation. They depended upon the sensation of heat and cold imparted to the bare hand when thrust into the mash at the final stages of its preparation, to determine for them whether the proper temperature was indicated. When a variation of one or two degrees from the desired point is considered of importance in modern practice, one may easily understand how such crude methods should necessarily be attended with great difference in the quality of the whisky. Indeed, the wonder is how such haphazard disregard to what are now commonly considered as necessary precautions could ever have laid the foundations for the reputation of Kentucky whiskies, and this seems to be another indication of the favorable conjunction of locality and yeast germs.

As might be supposed, the fermentation was of a character to correspond with such inauspicious preliminaries, being sometimes normal, but often sluggish and imperfect, or commencing with great energy and rapidly weakening—in either case with unsatisfactory results.

The distillation of the singlings was conducted by the use of steam in wooden stills made of thick staves, and banded with heavy iron, the principle of operation being the same as in those of more modern construction. Sometimes, however, copper stills were used, and the beer boiled by direct application of fire. To avoid scorching the coarse parts which settled rapidly to the bottom, the cap or dome of the still was removed and the beer kept stirred with sticks until it commenced to boil, when the cap was replaced, the joint being luted with wet meal or paste to prevent leakage. The doubling was done over a wood fire, and so much importance was attached to this detail that it was supposed to be impossible to make good whisky with any other fuel.

The most famous of the old distillers was James Crow, who established himself in Woodford county many years ago, and gradually became celebrated for the superior quality of his liquor, so that "Crow" whisky was a synonym for all that was best in Kentucky's

favorite beverage. An appreciative generation, more interested in effects than particular about causes, failed to record the details of his process. The most reliable tradition, however, seems to indicate that he gave more attention to minutiae than was customary with his contemporaries, and so escaped injurious incidents which to others seemed unavoidable. Before his time cleanliness was considered a matter of small importance, and even within a few years, distilleries could have been found in Kentucky in which mouldy meal on the mash tubs, accumulated filth in the fermenting room, and a daily contest for supremacy between pigs, cattle, and yeast germs were the ordinary incidents of the business. Happily, however, such methods could not endure the competition of more modern progress, and involved either the necessity of reform or the penalty of extinction.

For many years, however, the progress of improvement was slow, and although a great deal of poor whisky was made, yet the excellence of that which embodied the best results was so marked that the reputation of Kentucky whisky steadily grew, and the opinion was firmly held that the old-fashioned sour-mash process was a perfect one, and that any innovation must necessarily be injurious. Further experience and a more thorough investigation of the subject showed that the essential principle of the use of the slop and of top yeast for fermentation were the valuable features, while the other details admitted of much variation. Accordingly, at the present day, in the manufacture of the finest brands, whether the mashing is done by hand or machinery, these points are adhered to. As the consumptive demand gradually increased so as to make it a matter of economy to use machinery for handling the materials, more opportunity and inducement were offered for the invention and introduction of improved apparatus, until now a first-class



A DISTILLERY LOCATION.

distillery is a complicated assemblage of ingenious devices, in which human labor does but little work. Twenty-five years ago an establishment capable of turning out twenty-five to thirty barrels per day was considered enormous. Since that time, the development has been so rapid that Louisville has now within its limits what is probably the largest and most complete whisky distillery plant in the world, with a daily capacity of over six hundred barrels of forty-five gallons each, and warehouses capable of storing nearly two hundred thousand barrels.

There is no doubt that the fine old Kentucky whiskies of to-day afford the most valuable of all stimulants and, when used in proper moderation, are wholesome and invigorating. They have been obliged to endure the assaults of unreasoning prejudice, unwilling to admit that any good could come from their use, and eager to assert that any use is abuse, halting at no misrepresentation of facts or figures, and casting as its thunderbolts unheard-of statistics boldly compiled to suit the occasion. In spite of all, however, their use is steadily increasing, at the expense of less deserving products, and if the revenue laws were so framed that, instead of forcing tax payment at the end of a limited period, the whisky could remain in bond long enough to become fully matured and still be sold for a reasonable price, the inevitable result would be a still further predominance, and a still stronger tendency toward the survival of the fittest.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF FAMOUS MEN.

BY W. W. SCOTT.



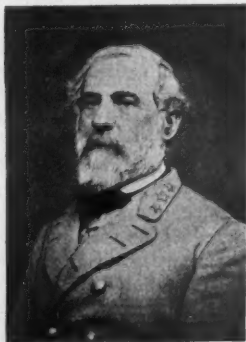
ROBERT E. LEE.

THE engravings and photographs of General Lee are quite as remarkable for the fidelity of the likeness as are those of General Jackson for their unlikeness. Except a few cheap-john wood cuts, I have never seen an engraving of him that was not at least very suggestive of his real appearance.

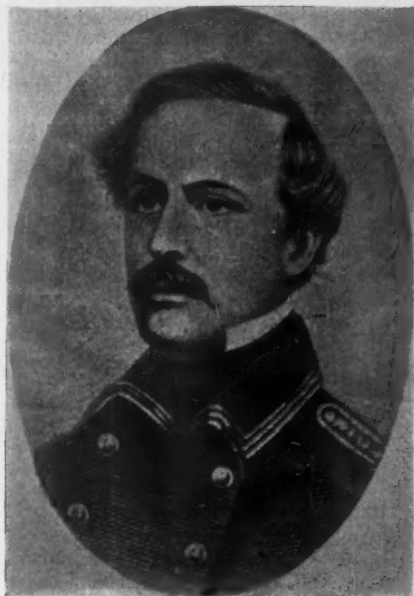
I first saw him the day he left Arlington to unite his fortunes with his native State. It was "court day" in the little county of Orange, Virginia—a county that was afterward the theater of some of the fiercest and bloodiest battles of

the war. At that time—the fourth Monday in April, 1861—the country was alive with excitement from center to circumference. Troops were passing on every train from the South to Manassas, and men, women, and children were flocking to the stations to "see the soldiers" and bid them welcome and God-speed. A court day in Virginia before the war, and even now, is no small occasion. And when the train arrived and it became known that General Lee was on board, the people would not let it pass until they saw him. Very reluctantly, as I afterward learned, he came to the rear platform and bowed his acknowledgments to the welcoming acclaim of the people. I was young then and can never forget his appearance. He was dressed in citizen's attire, a full suit of black cloth and silk hat, holding the hat in the bend of his arm as he bowed. He wore no beard, only a very black moustache, and I could see no fleck of grey in his hair. I have never seen so handsome a man as he appeared that day, and Hamlet's word-painting of his father, "See what a grace is seated on that brow, an eye like Mars," etc., comes always vividly to my mind when I recall the scene.

He remained to the last a strikingly splendid-looking man; but the next time I saw him—and it was not many



"MARSE ROBERT"—1864.



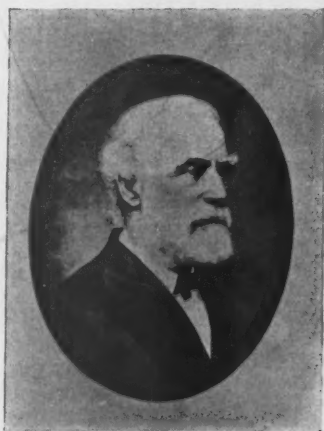
LEE AS CAPTAIN OF ARTILLERY—1845.

months afterward—his hair was silvered and his full beard nearly white; yet he was still erect in his carriage, and his eyes yet full of their old-time lustre. General John C. Breckinridge was regarded as one of the ideally handsome military men of the Confederacy. I stood with him and General Lee on the street in Lexington and made a mental comparison between them. Breckinridge was undoubtedly a man of striking appearance, and few could compare favorably with him. General Lee stood nearly a head taller, and Breckinridge's cold grey eyes lost their lustre when contrasted with his.

It was my fortune to live in Lexington nearly two years while General Lee was president of Washington College (since called Washington and Lee University), and I was a not unfrequent visitor at his house. Of course anything heard there would be held sacred, as the guest would discredit himself in disclosing conversations had under the sacred seal of private hospitality. But I can truly remark that nothing was ever said that would not still proclaim

the nobleness of the man, were it published from the house-tops. I had been a soldier in the famous Virginia regiment commanded by Colonel, afterward Lieutenant-General, A. P. Hill, and later in the war in the more famous "Black Horse Cavalry." Of both these commands he spoke with unstinted praise, but further than that never a word about the war. But of the Mexican war, and especially of his frontier service against the Indians, he would talk unreservedly and often with animation. He manifested much satisfaction with the new president's house which the trustees of the college erected during his incumbency, and always expressed pleasure that his faithful war-horse, "Traveler," was "under the same roof with him," there being a covered way from the residence to the stables. To this mansion all felt privileged to go at all seasons, and such as enjoyed personal acquaintance with the family were always charmingly welcomed and entertained by his daughters.

Mrs. Lee was an invalid and had to depend upon her invalid chair for locomotion, but she always showed a pleasant interest in the happenings of the times and the affairs of the younger people. Her resemblance to the portraits of Mrs. Custis, the wife of Washington, was particularly striking. The



LEE AS PRESIDENT OF WASHINGTON COLLEGE.

courtly manners of the old school always prevailed in the house, full of dignity, elegance, and refinement. I called there on General Lee's birthday and was present when his son, General Custis Lee, paid his respects to his father. There was a reverence in the manner of the son as he wished him "many and many happy returns of the anniversary" that gave his expression almost the grace of a prayer and made an impression on me that I can never forget.

One daughter, whom I never met, died during the war. The eldest, Miss Mary, and the youngest, Miss Mildred, are still living. Miss Agnes died in Lexington. "A lady," as Steele said of another, "whom it was a liberal education to have known." Old and young alike were charmed to be in her company, and the memory of her pleasant and gracious ways is cherished today by hundreds of the poor Southern boys, who were students and cadets in the days when she was the light of the president's house.

The people of Virginia and the South still reverence the Lees. General Custis succeeded his father as president of the university. General W. H. Fitzhugh was nominated by acclamation for a third term in Congress, dying shortly after his re-election. Captain Robert E., Jr., is farming at "Romance," one of the old Custis plantations, near the "White House," in King William county, where Washington wooed and won the fair widow. The two surviving daughters are the queens regnant at the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs whenever they attend a season, and General "Fitz," a nephew, has lately retired from the gubernatorial chair of Virginia with a name even more lustrous than when he entered it.

General Lee lies buried in the chapel of the college, erected during his incumbency as president and mainly through his efforts. His grave is marked by a life-size and life-like recumbent statue of himself—a masterpiece of art, as its original was by common consent a masterpiece of nature.

LONELINESS.

BY MARGUERITE HOBSON.

IF thou hast only dwelt apart
 From haunts of men and fashion's mart;
 Hast fared alone and even been
 Away from friends and kith and kin,
 And yet had hope within thy breast,
 Belief and faith there with the rest,
 Though alien lands thy feet may press,
 Thou hast not known true loneliness.

But if thou dwellest with thine own,
 And hast a heart to them unknown;
 If thou canst think a crowded place
 A desert, wanting one dear face;
 Canst take a sorrow to thy breast
 And cherish it and call it blest;
 If thou at morn doth wish for night,
 At evening pray for morning's light;
 If thou hast unbelief and so
 Dost doubt the things thou best mightst know,
 Then thou hast known the dire distress,
 For this, O God, is loneliness!

SOCIAL LIFE IN BALTIMORE.

BY AMY D'ARCY WETMORE.

BALTIMORE has been called by its admirers "the social Paradise of America," with its local coloring of beautiful woman, terrapins, canvas-back ducks, and other good things that make glad the heart of man, while truly its many attractive features of society compare most favorably with those of other cities. In some respects its customs are very conservative, changing, it is true, as time goes on, but slowly, and often only by looking back and noting the present with ten or twenty years ago does one realize the difference. These changes are undoubtedly caused by the many elements introduced by families from various sections of the country, who now reside here. For instance, the Johns Hopkins University has surely given to us new aims, new views, as well as new people, that have gradually altered many of the old ways.

In the years immediately following the war, Southern families from Georgia, the Carolinas and Virginia settled here in great numbers, and as the days sped on have become entirely one with us. The new generation having been educated here, and married in our midst, are now in feeling and interests genuine Baltimoreans. Families, too, from the North, who have come for the milder climate of the winter months, have grown so fond of the people and the city that they have pulled up their stakes from their former homes and have decided to cast in their lot here. Then there are, above all, the old families, representatives of bygone generations, dating back to the Colonial period, who have preserved, with their ancient silver, brasses, and mahogany, many of the time-honored customs of the past—"hospitality to the stranger within the gate," courtesy, good breeding, and a gentleness and refinement of manner that are proudly asserted to be Maryland traits.

As it usually is in long settled communities, there is much connection and

relationship among these old families, besides the many bonds of friendship dating from the early history of the state. How often one hears some dear old lady or aged gentleman say, when speaking of the favorite debutante or the hero of the last foot-ball match, "why, so and so is the grandchild of my friend—, with whom I went to school early in the century." Frequently for three or four generations is a friendship literally inherited with the fine old homes, and the grandchildren are the guests or entertainers in the very mansion where their ancestors reigned long ago.

This unquestionably accounts for the great intimacies between Baltimoreans, which so often forcibly strikes the outsider; for it is "Lily," "Bertha," and "Grace," invariably, while the men constantly say "Miss Kate," and "Miss Mary," instead of "Miss Brown," and "Miss Thompson." Even after marriage, unless the husband very much objects, the prefix "Miss" is sometimes used by the old friends, and not the more conventional "Mrs." This, it is needless to remark, but applies to the families just referred to, and not to the newcomers, who are on far less intimate terms.

The loveliness of the women is an old story; for over a century it has been renowned far beyond the boundary lines of the state. It is said that when General Lafayette visited this country in 1824-25, he spoke with enthusiasm of the beautiful Baltimore women whom he had seen, while in glowing terms did he praise their grace in dancing.

Many of the most notable beauties of the past, as well as of the present, have married and gone elsewhere to live, but others have come to the front equally handsome, and Baltimore's reputation for good looks is in no danger of waning. The sweet Southern manner, now so frequently combined with Northern culture, makes the

women and girls popular wherever they go; and here may it not be well to add some tribute to the character and the remarkable freedom from scandal in a society so large as this? Rarely indeed is the gossip or *on dits* one hears of a very disagreeable nature, and it has been observed, in cases where there was, perchance, some fire behind the smoke, that it invariably originated with the new people, and not with the out-and-out Baltimorean. Divorces are rare among the "Four Hundred," and, even when granted, a second marriage seldom follows.

The changes which have crept in during the last decade denote a certain formality that was once missing. People have traveled more, have resided abroad, or have had their summer residences at a Northern resort, and have naturally absorbed many ideas on the subject of etiquette and of the importance of the chaperone. Hence it is no longer good form for a young girl to go to the theater or cotillon with only her escort, as was once generally permitted. Married women, too, go "out" a great deal and do not claim that the domestic duties are alone to be cultivated, as in the days before the Centennial.

According to the fashion of the hour the debutante is a very important personage, at least at the beginning of the season, and many entertainments are given in her honor. She is "tead," and "lunched" and "dined" until one would suppose that her digestion would be hopelessly ruined, or that dyspepsia would be the portion of her old age.

But one of the strongest features of social life in Baltimore is the courtesy offered to the stranger. The true Southern spirit comes uppermost, and to show appreciation of the guest no trouble is spared, and every one invited to meet this honored person thinks that something must be devised for his amusement, and in brief, nobody who comes here properly introduced can go away feeling neglected or overlooked. Sometimes, alas! this liberal-handed hospitality meets with a poor reward, and one finds, too late, that one has fêted

the imposter instead of the count; still this experience apparently produces no bitterness, nor does it deter the genial host from again showering attentions upon the next visitor who comes on the scene.

It is claimed that, desirable as wealth is, it is not everything here, and that many a poor girl, if she is pretty and agreeable, can have just as good a time in her society career as her richer companion. A married woman, too, who can only give inexpensive little teas, and whose gowns are more apt to be made by an "Irish lady" than by a "French modiste," is quite as popular when she goes "out" as her wealthier neighbor, always with the proviso that she is attractive and bright.

It is a well-known fact that living is much cheaper here than in many cities of the same size. To say nothing of the lower rents or markets, which rank with the best in the world, asking for the good things most moderate prices, there are numerous social customs which are positively economical—for instance, walking instead of driving to entertainments, if the weather permits, is quite the thing, and even those who own carriages will often walk to a near place, unless they are in evening dress. For afternoon affairs it is the exception and not the rule when one sees carriages in great numbers standing near the house where the reception is held. One reason that once might have been assigned for this was that the distances were not great, and that the society world lived near together. But in these last ten or twelve years the circle has grown larger, and rows of lovely houses of individual taste have sprung up in the newer portions of the town; yet the electric and cable cars now meet this need, and carriages are still among the luxuries, and *not* the necessities of society life in Baltimore.

As alluded to before, the Johns Hopkins atmosphere is felt in many ways. The women and girls of the nineties have, indeed, far higher interests and aims in life than had those of the seventies. A girl, because she has left school, does not think now that her education is finished, and that there is

nothing more that she can learn; witness to the contrary the number of classes formed each year, namely, the Shakspeare, the topic and the literary clubs, which are all in splendid working order in many cliques and sets of society. Then there are the opera classes, entirely devoted to the conscientious study of a few operas during the season. The Peabody concerts and lectures are largely attended, while the art classes, the physical culture class, and many different clubs and organizations, formed for mutual instruction as well as pleasure, have numerous members.

The gay season here is delightfully pleasant, without the rush and crush perchance of Washington or New York, but from early in December until Lent there is never an unengaged afternoon or evening for those in the whirl.

The Bachelor's Cotillon, otherwise the Monday german, is one of the oldest clubs in Baltimore, and, although started in 1867, it still has on its list of subscribers many of its original members; others taken away by death or changes incident to all are well represented by the younger generations of the same families. Formerly these cotillons occurred every Monday evening, but now they only meet fortnightly, the Tuesday german taking place the alternate week. The same hall has been used for twenty years, and here it is that the debutante of the season makes her bow to the social world. Here, too, is where the stranger is bidden, and where he or she is presented to Baltimore's most attractive and best known men and women. The number of subscribers is limited and only a few desirable men can be admitted each year, while others await more or less patiently their turn. The married women and girls are always, however, invited, yet a singular feature is, that by no chance are the women in preponderance, for the simple reason that since the earliest times no girl has ever gone without a partner beforehand for the german; therefore wall-flowers are rather a rarity at these cotillons.

In this *fin-de-seicle* age, dinners are the stronghold for the more mature;

and they grow in favor as well as later in hour every year. It is said for a dinner here to be a success it is quite as necessary to have a Johns Hopkins professor and a beauty present as to have the renowned terrapins and champagne.

Visiting, which was formerly so important in the social world, is now nearly an effete function; one no longer sends out cards with days in the month engraved on them, nor do those living in certain localities stay at home on what was once their day to receive the throng of callers then so inevitable. The fashionable woman will give up one afternoon to her innumerable acquaintances and every one will be thus notified by cards, with date assigned, and that settles the business, both for the sender and the receiver; hence the hopeless visiting list is a thing of the past. Many women, however, delight in their five o'clock tea with some intimate friend, and are at home for this purpose once or more every week. Some of the most conservative women have now selected Sundays for their afternoon, and, compared with the strict puritanical way that that day was once observed with the present manner of dealing with the problem, one sees the breadth of ideas that is gradually stealing over our city.

Theatrical entertainments are much liked, and every season some new idea is started by the busy woman to aid her favorite charity, and the Kirmes, Fasching Thursday dances, Queen Louise fête operas and theatricals have been the result of her labors. No where, either, do the brilliant society girls appear on the stage as they do with us, and the audiences at these performances represent Baltimore at her best. Coquelin and other artistes may play to slim houses, but let it once be noised abroad that any of our lovely girls, as *jeunesse dorée*, will take part in some play, musicale, or dance, and every seat in the theater is promptly engaged at any price. This does not imply that the professionals of the stage are totally ignored, as it is now deemed a liberal education to see the famous actors and actresses of modern

times whenever chance affords the opportunity.

Cards are specially popular in the season of Lent when dancing is tabooed, but indeed are always liked, and might be said to be the "great leveler," as age, beauty, and wit are placed on the same footing in the game, and a good player is often among those who have few personal attractions. In speaking of Lent, it is not so rigidly observed as formerly, and, except that larger entertainments cease, there is practically no difference in the social world.

A large plan of the social life of a place is always embodied in its clubs, and this is true of Baltimore. Twenty years ago there was but one club of any particular prominence here—the Maryland Club—and its kitchen, wine cellar, and members were noted, not only at home but abroad, as emphasizing all that it was possible for such things to be. Since then new clubs have sprung up, and the Maryland Club finds itself forced to share some of its former prestige with others.

The University Club has been built up on the literary and intellectual idea, and, having the congenial and stimulating atmosphere of the Peabody Institute, the Johns Hopkins University and Hospital, the recognition of the Catholic Church, through its foremost prelate in America, all have helped it to a permanent position in Baltimore's social world. The Athenæum Club also gathers to itself some of the Baltimore Club life, but owing to its having been the outgrowth of an art club which, like so many other similar institutions, bartered away some of its art heritage for the pottage of money to support it, has lost the thought of a definite purpose.

From a social and society point of view the Baltimore Club is by far the most prominent and forceful club that is now here. This club has had a life of fifteen years, and in that time it has steadily and quietly advanced from a very small beginning, until now it finds itself more than sharing with the Maryland Club all that institution formerly enjoyed alone. The Balti-

more Club is composed of, and managed by, the young men. It is full of life and vitality, and its influence is felt in every other social organization; it furnishes material and men for a judgeship, private theatricals, a german, or a foot-ball match. It is the club that won for Baltimore its prize for cooking terrapin. It holds the pool tournament trophy of the city. But the Baltimore Club has done more than this, for it has put into practice the non-treating rule, which of late has been so much discussed in New York, and which has also commenced to be adopted in many clubs. This non-treating system is so much the child of this organization that it is known as "the Baltimore Club idea." Owing to its genial and social qualities, Baltimore is a particularly fruitful soil for clubs to flourish in.

Women, however, as well as men, have put lately much life into clubs for themselves. "The Women's Literary Club," for instance, has existed several years, and claims to have done good work, while it has among its members several well known writers of stories and poems. Recently, however, many of its brightest members have resigned, and are now inaugurating a new club to be called "The Arundell," named in honor of Lord Baltimore's wife. The central idea of this new club will be to develop talent in its members. The best magazines of this and foreign countries will be found in its rooms. Clever men and women will be called on from time to time to speak on the topics of the day. Social features will be a strong point, and here members will be able to entertain their guests. Field nights will be held once a month, when different papers will be read and discussed. The constitution has been framed with the greatest care and thought. The club gives promise of being the most advanced step yet taken by our Maryland women, and from both a literary and social standpoint it has started with fairest prospects for permanent success.

The Society of the Colonial Dames is a recent feature of Baltimore, which thereby makes a premium of the past,

and the representatives of Colonial and Revolutionary families meet weekly for social intercourse. Clubs for the younger members of society are the Eldridge Fox Hunting and the Green Spring Valley clubs. Each have club-houses. The Eldridge, being the oldest, is naturally the most prominent, and its kennels or country club is beautifully situated just outside of Baltimore, and is the constant scene of dances, luncheons, jumping contests, and afternoon teas during the spring and autumn seasons.

The Paint and Powder Club, recently started by the young men, is on the same order as the "Masque and

Wig Club," of Philadelphia, and already a very charming little opera, composed by one of the members, and acted by many of them, has been the result.

Old proverbs sometimes tell the truth in a few words better than well-expressed volumes; therefore, if "the proof of the pudding is in the eating," then surely the charm of Baltimore social life is verified by its enthusiastic worshipers; for not only the old residents, but the new arrivals, invariably tell the same tale—that its society is, beyond question, the most charming, the most genial, and the most satisfying in the land.

A CONSCIENTIOUS COOK.

BY E. M. PELLETREAU.

We may live without friends, we may live without books,
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.

MRS. LOVELL realized this fact fully, and consequently had again been advertising for a culinary assistant, though her experience with those functionaries for the past six months had almost driven her to answer affirmatively the question, "Is marriage a failure?" In fact she would have done so if she had not been sustained by the knowledge that her husband had been unusually fortunate of late in several outside speculations.

The domestic who now stood before her, however, seemed from appearances everything desirable, though conventionally portly; but poor Mrs. Lovell had found out long ago that "appearances are deceitful," in this respect at least, though this worthy was further fortified with a written recommendation, which the lady was now perusing. One phrase, "You will find her very conscientious in obeying your wishes," made Mrs. Lovell smile. The idea of a cook being conscientious! Such a unique fact, she thought, was worth being put to the test, so she would try it. Now, as the last girl had almost

"eaten her out of house and home," as the saying is, and it had cost more to feed the help than the family, she said aloud:

"Your reference is good, and I am willing to try you, providing you promise one thing—that you will not take a mouthful of food, not so much as a crumb, unless I give it to you myself."

The girl replied she was quite willing, and smiled pleasantly, but this did not at all re-assure Mrs. Lovell that she meant what she said, for the lady had known many predecessors to "smile and smile, and be a villain." "And your name is Mary Marvel?" she continued, glancing again at the reference.

"Yes, mum."

"And will eighteen dollars be sufficient compensation? I do not care to give any more." Mrs. Lovell said this rather fearfully, for the last applicant had informed her that twenty-five was hardly more than enough to buy gloves and ribbons with. One needed so many changes now-a-days. But to her delight Mary replied:

"Yes, mum, for being of an economical

turn of mind I can manage to put by something for a trip abroad, which I hope to take some day, as I want to study the higher branches of my art."

This remark very much surprised Mrs. Lovell, but she had learned that, about some things at least, silence is golden, so she merely said:

"Very well, then, Mary, as all seems satisfactory, consider yourself engaged, and come early in the morning."

But as the door closed, Mrs. Lovell thought with sadness of the many applicants who had failed to return in the morning. This one, however, agreeably disappointed her future mistress by appearing promptly on the scene of action.

And now began a period of satisfaction for the hitherto tormented lady, for, "*mirabile dictu!*" beside being a most efficient cook, the girl was true to her promise. Of course Mrs. Lovell did not at all expect such a thing, and closely watched for her "first offense;" but though she would enter the kitchen suddenly at all hours, even when she knew the girl supposed her out, never did she see her taste the slightest morsel other than what was given her. Once the lady felt sure she had seen Mary caught in the act, for, suddenly entering the kitchen one day, she saw the girl hastily thrust something into the closet, then draw her fingers across her lips, after which she started to wash her hands.

"Surely Mary has been eating something," was the onlooker's conclusion, and she sternly demanded: "What are you doing?"

The tone made the girl give a frightened start as she answered:

"Putting cold cream on my lips, mum; they chap easily and trouble me a good deal."

"You know you speak falsely; your very manner betrays you," continued the accuser with an air that would have done credit to a full-fledged detective; "and I will prove it," she continued, throwing back the closet door, where she expected to find the remains of the secret feast. But she found, instead, a box labeled "Cold Cream."

Of course she felt cheap enough, as she had to apologize, beside feeling pro-

voked at the thought of losing her girl, for she fully expected Mary to give notice immediately; but to her surprise the domestic simply replied:

"We are all liable to mistakes, mum," and continued as faithful and steady as before.

Now, Mrs. Lovell was not at all close or mean, and, like many others, did not object to giving bountifully, though she did object to being robbed of the same amount; so she took care to provide liberally for this astonishing freak of humanity, for thus she regarded her conscientious cook, and Mary had no cause for complaint in this respect.

Mr. Lovell, who, like so many of his associates, was laudably pursuing his one great aim and ambition—money-making—wanted very much to exhibit the girl around the country as the greatest living wonder of the age. To this Mrs. Lovell seriously objected, as she had no notion of being deprived of the treasure so lately found. It came near forming the ground of divorce, so hot was the contest, but Mr. Lovell finally concluded it would be poor economy to shatter his home, so matters were once more amicably adjusted, and the housekeeping affairs continued to roll smoothly along, so smoothly, indeed, that Mrs. Lovell concluded she could at last carry out one of her most cherished desires—a feat she had longed to accomplish for nearly a year—not to equal but to eclipse the dinner given by her dear enemy, Mrs. Jerome. But owing to the numerous trusts and close competition keeping food so high, and the ruinous extravagance of her former cooks, she had never felt she could afford it. Of course she could easily have availed herself of the credit system; but it was one of this worthy lady's peculiarities to pay cash for everything. Many of her friends laughed at her, while those who knew her less well concluded she must be rather an odd person. But we all have our eccentricities of greater or less degree, and this was one of Mrs. Lovell's strongest. When she apprised her husband that the time for the fulfillment of her great ambition had come,

his heart was touched, and he assured her of his co-operation to make it a success, for few things are so pleasant to a man as the prospect of a good dinner, and Mr. Lovell had always been a most devoted slave to the inner man.

The friendly notes of invitation, for it was to be a small, select affair, must go off the first thing, so that anticipation could whet their appetites and give the favored few a chance to inform the rest of our set what might have been. "Surely all things come to those who know how to wait," sighed Mrs. Lovell, contentedly, as she signed the last sweet missive. And now followed three of the most absorbingly busy days in Mrs. Lovell's calendar; for when she undertook a thing she was nothing if not whole-souled.

The *menu* was made out with the utmost care and the conjoint brains of Mr. Lovell, herself, and the cook, for of course the latter was a most important factor in the success of the enterprise. And, thinking her opportunity had come for making her reputation as the chief of *chefs*, she did her very best to concoct rare dishes and tempting viands, poring by the hour over numerous receipt books, beside being up early and late to have all in readiness. It mattered not how much she was over the fire, or how uncomfortably hot her face grew, most savory were the things she made, and in truth looked good enough to eat. But not a morsel would this heroic creature so much as taste, not a drop or a crumb of all these good things, not even when there was a little left in the dish, but remained true to her promise, even amidst so great temptation.

Never was mistress more faithfully served, though this one scarcely noticed it, so busy was she with her part of the preparations, for she wished to attend to the catering herself, so no mistakes would be made; consequently she was out a good deal, and in a general state of bustle and excitement. At last the evening of the third day arrived—the time set for the great event.

Mrs. Lovell was so far quite content

with the success of her efforts, though she naturally felt nervous as to the entire result, but her last survey of the table, which looked truly royal under its glitter of glass and many-colored flowers, was quite reassuring, and the odors she caught from the kitchen as she passed were doubly so.

"My dear," said her husband a little later when they were dressing, "I almost forgot to tell you I met one of our expected guests this morning, Dr. Lefferts, and he asked if he might bring a friend, who had arrived unexpectedly from London, Sir Montefore Kendell. Of course I said we would be pleased to welcome such a distinguished personage. Did I do right?"

The question was asked quietly enough, but somehow there was what might be called a twinkle in his eyes.

"Oh, exactly right," exclaimed Mrs. Lovell in high glee. "Just imagine the sensation he will create, and how perfectly delightful it will be to have a nobleman dine with you. He will just fit in so nicely, too, for he can take Miss De Vour's place, as she sent a regret at the last moment, pleading a severe headache. How fortunate it has happened so; not the headache, of course, but the vacant seat."

At the conventional hour—later than invited time—the guests commenced to arrive, and amidst much instructive chit-chat regarding the state of the weather, were finally seated round the board. Mrs. Jerome occupied the seat at the right of Mrs. Lovell, and was doing her best to take in every detail without seeming to notice anything. She was becoming quite proficient in this innocent branch of art, which so many of her contemporaries are practicing at the present day.

Sir Montefore, who was a kind of walking advertisement for his country, so plainly was it written all over him, was solemnly installed at Mr. Lovell's right and the doctor next him.

A waiter had been hired for the occasion, who was guaranteed to thoroughly understand his business, and, as Mr. Lovell thoughtfully informed him beforehand that unless he proved to be what was represented, he would

not receive his fee, the fellow quickly decided to do his best. Consequently the first and second courses moved on and off with never a balk, and the third followed in the same way. Each one seemed more deliciously prepared than its predecessor. The food fairly melted in one's mouth. Mrs. Lovell was, therefore, all sunshine, while Mrs. Jerome's inward feelings resembled a smothered storm—though outwardly she was calm enough—as she acknowledged to herself that her efforts were now in a total eclipse. Mr. Lovell was also in the seventh heaven, as he was making the most of this fat opportunity, and trying to make his guests do likewise, urging this dish and that upon them.

"Do have some more of the capon, doctor."

"I will, thank you; I am very fond of it," and he helped himself to a large quantity.

"Ah! doctor, I see you have the prevailing spirit of the age—not practicing what you preach," said George Monroe, Mrs. Lovell's younger brother, who was sitting opposite; "for I have heard you denounce such rich dishes as very deleterious."

"That is true," laughed the doctor, "but I came here in good faith tonight, believing all our actions were to be *sub rosa*, and no give-aways."

"Right you are, my friend!" exclaimed Mr. Lovell, warmly, "and I shall see to it your faith has not been misplaced."

"What will you have, Sir Montefore?" (Mrs. Lovell never tired of addressing him.) "Some more of the beef, perhaps?"

"No, thanks—really. This is excellent, don't you know—most as good as we get at home—but no more at present."

And he leveled his eye-glass condescendingly toward her.

"I should say you have a very good cook now, sister," Mr. Monroe made bold to remark, as the good things continued to disappear with evident relish by all.

"Yes, I congratulate myself I am exceedingly fortunate in that respect;"

and Mrs. Lovell launched off in a full description of Mary Marvel's virtues, as it was at present her pet subject.

When she finally stopped for breath, Mrs. Jerome managed to remark, satirically, though she smiled becomingly, "I should think such a paragon worthy of a toast."

Digestion and the last course were struggling together by this time, and the spirit of jollity was commencing to infuse its victims. So Mr. Monroe caught up the remark and exclaimed:

"Certainly she is, and I propose a toast to the cook of cooks. Bring her forth, that she may hear it."

It was rather a startling proposal, not conventional, to say the least, and for a second Mrs. Lovell hesitated to comply; but she, too, felt that jollity was king and fun the order of the hour, and being completely under the gay influence, sent the waiter out for the girl.

He quickly returned, however, with a blanched face, and gasped out:

"Something dreadful must have happened to her, madam. She has fallen on the floor and I can not raise her."

"Something happened to my treasure!" wildly exclaimed Mrs. Lovell, at the same time making a rush toward the kitchen, where she was followed by the others. There, prone on the floor, lay poor Mary Marvel, her portly form wasted to a shadow. Mrs. Lovell bent over her, endeavoring to raise her head, while she cried:

"Dr. Lefferts! Bring Dr. Lefferts here quickly."

"Here I am, madam," replied the doctor, who had reached her side; his professional faculties all alert in spite of the recent dinner.

"Let me see what is the matter; she has probably fainted. Stand back; more air!" he said to the rest, who were curiously crowding around.

"Perhaps it is suicide!" half shrieked Mrs. Jerome, who was much given to novel reading.

"Unfasten her dress," suggested Mr. Lovell.

"Bring some water, waiter," shouted George Monroe.

"Get her out in the air," added Sir Montefiore.

And, as usual at such times, suggestions were prolific but action sluggish.

Mrs. Lovell was too much overcome to either act or give advice, but sat wringing her hands, the object of despair, for it had suddenly come to her what the cause of the catastrophe was, and she sobbed out:

"It is all my fault. I alone am to blame; for, owing to the preoccupation of my mind for the last three days with my preparations, I have totally forgotten to give the dear, conscientious soul *a thing to eat.*"

A strange hush fell on the gathering at this confession, for the sacrifice of

humanity was apparent even to their eyes and quieted them immediately. The doctor was the first to break the oppressive silence with the reassuring words that it might not be too late, and his utmost skill was at their command.

Then he bent over the prostrate form, feeling the pulse and putting his head down to the heart. But in a few seconds he slowly raised it again, turning a countenance full of a pitiful sadness toward the weeping woman and anxious group, as he said solemnly:

"Dead! Starved to death from three days' neglect. Behold, another martyr to the dictates of conscience!"

TOWARDS SODOM.

BY CHARLES J. BAYNE.

YOU point me to her pallid cheek,
The step which once was stronger,
The eyes which now but feebly speak;
Then bid me love no longer.

I know she lacks the rounded grace
With which she once was dowered,
More wan for each poor lingering trace
Which care has not deflowered.

I know she brewed the poisonous draught
With which she now is wasted,
And might have thriven had she quaffed
The cup returned untasted.

But ah! how dear those former scenes,
As their lost light I weep her;
So marvel not that Memory gleams
Where Love has been the reaper.

Though fate has left its withering track,
Though still the tempest lowers,
The exiled heart turns fondly back
Towards Sodom's blackened towers.



COMMENT AND CRITICISM.

NOTE.—Brief comments on timely topics of social, economic, or non-partisan political questions, as well as criticism of current literature, art, and science, are desired for this department.—EDITOR.

"Panics and Their Causes." This is the caption of an interesting article in **A Reply.*** the May number of THE SOUTHERN MAGAZINE, by J. F. Bullitt, Jr. He makes ingenious use of data and figures in his endeavor to show that panics have their root in over-production, which causes hard times, and they evolve every sixteen to twenty years. That over-production produces lower prices of commodities offered for sale, there can be no dispute, but that they necessarily produce these financial panics, like the sure return of the "seventeen-year locusts," is not at all clear or convincing, notwithstanding the earnest pleading of the writer in behalf of his pet theory. Suppose we take the figures he has furnished and see if his conclusions and theories are supported by them. The price of iron was high in 1837 when the panic occurred. It got very low in 1850, 20 $\frac{7}{8}$; in 1851, 21 $\frac{3}{8}$; in 1852, 22 $\frac{5}{8}$, and yet no panic occurred. Jas. G. Blaine, in his so-called reply to Mr. Gladstone, admits that the period of ten years, from 1846 to 1856, was the most prosperous in American history. In 1853, the price of iron rose from 22 $\frac{5}{8}$ to 36 $\frac{1}{8}$, and yet no panic occurred. In 1860, it was 22 $\frac{3}{4}$; in 1861, 20 $\frac{1}{4}$; in 1864, 59 $\frac{1}{4}$; in 1865, 46 $\frac{1}{8}$; in 1866, 46 $\frac{1}{8}$; in 1867, 44 $\frac{1}{8}$, and yet, during all these ups and downs, from the lowest to the highest prices, there was no panic. This seems to me to dispose of the theory that the price of iron causes the "hard times," which in turn causes panics. The "power behind the throne,

greater than the throne itself," in these panics is, in my opinion, the money power.

The panic of 1837 was gotten up by the money power, out of revenge for the blow dealt it by President Jackson in destroying the United States Bank. The money power is very patriotic when it pays to be so, but when a power greater than it, like Andrew Jackson, backed by the people, thwarts its grasping and robbing methods, it has no patriotism and strikes blindly about in revenge. The panic of 1873 was largely its affair, if not wholly so. The price of iron in 1872 was 48 $\frac{7}{8}$; in 1873, 42 $\frac{3}{4}$, and yet the greatest of all the panics occurred. There were no hard times, which Mr. Bullitt says is always the sure precursor if not the cause of panics. In 1857, the money power brought on the most unprovoked, unnecessary panic we have ever been afflicted with. The country was prosperous, the government was out of debt, and run on an economical footing never approached since. The money power saw a chance to make money, and, at the same time, strike a blow at its enemy, the people. "Damn the people!" uttered by America's greatest plutocrat, was but the candid expression of a sentiment in the hearts of all plutocrats.

Felix Adler, in an able article on marriage, says that the man and his wife are rivals, natural rivals. They are jealous of each other in everything, and hence rivals in everything. This would seem at first view to depreciate and lower the marriage state, but not necessarily so. This rivalry and jealousy keeps the two life partners within

* In connection with this article, we desire to call attention to an editorial on the same subject appearing in this number.

the terms of their partnership, and the human race benefits by it. If there be a rivalry between man and wife—in the relation we are taught as being most sacred—it follows that there is rivalry in all the relations of life. That there is rivalry between capital and labor, we see demonstrated every day; and yet both are as essential to the commonweal as the marriage tie. There is a natural rivalry or antagonism between plutocracy, or the money power, and the people, and it is the duty of all good citizens and patriots to see that this rivalry does not result in injustice, wrong, robbery, or other injury to one side of the controversy at the hands of the other.

The panic of 1873 was one of the worst, if not the worst, that ever afflicted mankind, and yet there were no hard times to bring it on, and the price of iron was almost at the maximum. This time the money power sought no revenges for imaginary injuries, but it had a scheme for getting the better of its old rival, the people, which is bearing fruit to this good hour. The destruction of bi-metallism by the demonetization of silver was the money power's scheme, and it succeeded. After that severe, almost fatal blow at the prosperity of the country and the welfare of the people, another panic follows when the money power wishes it. This came when it wanted to strike the final death blow at silver and bi-metallism by repealing unconditionally the purchasing clause of the Sherman silver bill.

It may be asked how the money power carries out its designs against the people. The answer is that it uses legal methods. The money power is always a stickler for the law. Alexander Hamilton, the money power's great apostle, sought a stronger union of the states than that of confederation under which they had fought for and won their independence. His object was to get greater security for the money power. The constitution was not as much in that direction as he desired, and even after the government began its career, with himself as one of its chief officials, he regretted that

the money power was not sufficiently protected, and stated boldly that he did not have much faith in the people being able to govern themselves; that it was only an experiment. Daniel Webster's much quoted panegyrics of the union were made because he knew a consolidated and "indivisible union" meant a better, and indeed the only safety for the money power, after the final separation from the mother country.

The money power has no real politics or patriotism. It will simulate both when it pays to do so, and Jay Gould expressed its sentiments when he stated on the witness stand, under oath, that he had no genuine political faith, and was a Republican or a Democrat according to the political complexion of the legislature he wished to secure legislation from in his personal interest. The plutocrats speak of this or that thing being American or un-American, according as it may affect their interests. This is all pretense and affectation, for they spend much of their time and money in monarchical Europe, where money is worshiped, and where it gives them a significance something akin to a titled aristocracy. They sell their rich daughters to titled but moneyless counts, princes, and lords, for an empty title, and no doubt regret in their hearts that this is not in form a monarchical government, with all due aristocratic and titled appendages.

In Andrew Jackson's day the people were stronger than the money power, and they conquered, led by their great leader. Apparently, at the present time, the money power is strongest and wins in every pitched battle. This is because the people have no great leader like Jackson, and the money power is ably led and organized equal to a Roman army under Julius Caesar. It rules the country, no matter which political party is in power. Its puppets are in all parties and stand ready to do their master's bidding when its interests are threatened by legislation, whether it be the tariff, silver, or incomes. What the disciples of Loyola have been and are to the church of Rome, the money power is to all parties—it rules them. It keeps the money of the country

congested in certain centers and allows it to go into the channels of trade when it suits its purposes. When it wishes a panic, it withdraws its money from the channels of trade suddenly, without cause, without notice, and the crash comes. No financial legislation can be had; no relief for the people can be secured, because at present the money power in America, as well as in Europe, is omnipotent. Men cheat themselves with words. They cling to a walnut hull after the kernel is gone or rotten. As human demons committed fiendish crimes in the name of liberty in past times, so does the money power make slaves of the people in the same sacred name. When any blow is aimed at the money power, it gets behind every man who owns a home, however humble, every farmer, mechanic, lawyer, doctor, every man who owns anything, and says: "If you strike at me, you will hit these first." In their own name, with them as breastworks, the money power rules the people and makes them inflict wounds upon themselves and rob their own pockets. The power of great money!

In W. D. Howell's article on the World's Fair—one of the best written—he gives an interesting conversation between himself and a great millionaire banker. They were discussing the sad and sober faces of the millions of farmers who flocked to the fair, when the millionaire banker said, in substance—I have not the article before me to quote the exact words: "I expected these people, who live their hard life, secluded and cut off from all that makes life attractive and happy, I expected them to come down upon me like savages, with a whoop. But I behold them with patient faces, the faces of good men and women." Mr. Howell may not have intended this speech of a great banker to be a whole chapter of proverbial wisdom, but it is. It gives the situation accurately: A

patient, long-suffering people, with faces of true men and women and hearts of gold, conservators and preservers of all that is left of liberty; millionaires laughing at and making sport of their sad, sober faces and plain attire, both the result of frugal living, made necessary by the plundering and oppression of the money power.

Mr. Bullitt has given a very graphic description of the rise and pricking of a boom. It is a true picture as far as it goes, but it leaves out the background, which is very essential to a true picture. The picture as presented is calculated to provoke mirth. Let us supply the background. What has set all these people to buying lots and going wild over it? Are they crazy, escaped lunatics, or are they rational beings, led by assurances of millionaire owners, of coal and iron men, that their development will require a great city in their vicinity? Have these promises and pledges been fulfilled and kept? Nay, verily, and yet no word of censure is bestowed upon them, but is reserved for the poor, deluded people who had faith in the promises.

What I have written will be called by the plutocracy, if read by them, socialism or worse; but I am as far from being a socialist as Mr. Bullitt is from being a puppet of plutocracy, and I am sure he is not that. I am a friend of the people, and my heart is touched by the unnecessary hardships they endure, as was the heart of Moses when he saw his fellow-Israelites enduring the sufferings inflicted by their cruel task-masters in Egypt. Moses, assisted by the Omnipotent hand, rescued the heart-broken Israelites, but there seems to be no Moses ready, able, and willing to lead the American people from under the cruel bondage of the money power. The "fleshpots of Egypt" seem to have their attractions for all who have the capacity for the great work of deliverance.

Legare Roche.



WE published in the May number of THE SOUTHERN MAGAZINE an article by Mr. J. F. Bullitt, entitled "Panics and Their Causes," in which he thoughtfully, and it seemed to us very justly, presented one explanation, at least, of a multiform and exceedingly perplexing problem. A writer in the present number takes issue with him, combatting his salient propositions and suggesting, instead a theory which is by no means novel, but has rarely, if ever, been advanced quite so boldly and broadly.

We publish this latter article because it is written in response to the invitation we have extended to all who wish to comment on topics of current public interest, and also because the opinions it expresses, while not often appearing in print, are frequently given oral utterance and should receive attention. Although these views are diametrically opposed to our own, we can yet appreciate the candor and animation with which they are delivered.

The writer insists that "over-production" has in no sense or degree anything to do with producing panics. In his opinion it is "the money power" which does it—that "money power" between which and "the people" there is, he claims, an inherent and incessant hostility, a natural and injurious "rivalry." We have remained in chronic doubt—which still handicaps us in the effort to understand other discussions of like nature to this—regarding who or what constitute "the money power" and just exactly which of our fellow-citizens are "the

people;" but the gentleman who replies to Mr. Bullitt kindly relieves us, for the purposes of this discussion, of a portion of that incertitude by an apt illustration. He points out that this "natural rivalry or antagonism" between plutocracy and the people is very similar to that which exists between husband and wife—a very striking exposition. We might even here be in some doubt as to "which is which," did he not proceed to declare, as has been so often announced before, that the laws have always been made in the aid and comfort of "the money power" and against "the people." No one, therefore, can even affect to doubt that "the money power" occupies the position toward the balance of mankind that the average husband is supposed to sustain in the conventional household. Hence the selfish and arbitrary disposition it so constantly exhibits.

But, notwithstanding the force with which this view of the case impresses us, we are constrained to agree, very nearly at least, with Mr. Bullitt. We cannot help thinking that he is correct in assigning, as one of the most potent and active causes in the production of panics, that tendency of mankind to imitate and follow example (especially when it seems that something is to be gotten by it) which is so general that it may be termed a rule of human action. Out of this inclination, when applied to the production and marketing of commodities, proceed results which may be formulated into a recognizable economic law—applicable, he

has shown, we think, to plutocrats and the people alike. It is difficult to compress into a few sentences an explanation which Mr. Bullitt has elaborated into an article of eight or nine pages; nor is it altogether fair to him when we attempt to do so. Nevertheless we will thus briefly state his contention as we understand it:

When prices in any business or of any commodity are unusually remunerative, undue attention and effort will be turned in such direction, with the result, of course, of greatly increasing the production of the particular commodities in demand. If consumption keeps pace with the increased production, either because a larger home market is built up or because easier access to foreign markets is obtained, prices will be maintained; if, on the contrary, production outstrips consumption, prices must necessarily decline. But we do not understand Mr. Bullitt as meaning to say that over-production, alone and unassisted, will always produce a panic. We understand him as distinctly admitting that other influences may serve to retard or to accelerate, as the case may be, such disastrous culmination. If the congested and overwrought condition obtain in only a few lines of business, and be unattended by a waste of capital or a large employment of it in unprofitable schemes, a declension of prices may occasion only partial monetary stringency and comparatively slight injury. But if, contemporaneously, over-production occur in all of the more important industries, all the markets become glutted, and a reckless spirit of speculation be generally indulged, a panic must inevitably ensue.

He does not subscribe to the theory that panics recur in regular cycles. "I think we may safely conclude," he says, "that the length of the periods in the 'ups and downs' in prices of any commodity depends upon these three elements, subject, of course, to accidental or extraordinary influences, viz: First, the length of time it requires to get an increased product on the market; secondly, whether the nature of the business is such as to permit of

'closing down' without serious loss; and third, whether or not the product can be kept over." Upon these data he does predicate a belief "that there is a periodicity in the rise and fall of prices, and '(supplying the further factor of wild and excessive speculation, an almost invariable concomitant of flush times)' in the occurrence of panics."

The suggestion that the recurrence of financial disturbances of this character is intimately connected with a fall in the price of iron belongs rather to Mr. Benner, by whose treatise Mr. Bullitt's article was inspired, than to the latter. Neither of them, indeed, mentions such a thing as being in any wise the cause of commercial or financial depression, but both instance the price of iron, as that of other staple commodities, merely as indicia of the conditions they are discussing.

The author of the article which we publish in the present issue repudiates all such reasoning, and entertains no belief in purely economic causes of panics. Let us see to what influences he attributes them.

"The panic of 1837," he says "was gotten up by the money power, out of revenge for the blow dealt it by President Jackson in destroying the United States Bank. The money power is very patriotic when it pays to be so, but when a power greater than it, like Andrew Jackson, backed by the people, thwarts its grasping and robbing methods, it has no patriotism and strikes blindly about in revenge."

We are stricken with some surprise, upon reading this passage, at the fierce, vindictive feeling attributed to "the money power." After all we had previously heard about its nature and characteristics, we are almost amazed to learn that it should ever permit itself to be diverted from its aims of avarice and accumulation in order to gratify any mere sentiment. We had always heard that it was cold, passionless and rigidly adherent to gainful purpose—incapable of love or hate, of gratitude or resentment—a monster of emotionless cunning. Contemplate, too, the enormous loss which this

usually astute "power" was willing to inflict upon itself in order to obtain revenge. In that panic every banking institution in the United States was forced to suspend specie payment, with incalculable detriment to credit as well as sacrifice of actual capital. In the following five years, and as the direct consequence of the panic of 1837, one hundred and eighty banks, it has been estimated, were totally destroyed, and the banking capital of the country decreased more than fifty per cent. Can any one seriously believe that the men who owned and managed these institutions were willing to purchase revenge at such a price?

"In 1857," he proceeds, "the money power brought on the most unprovoked, unnecessary panic we have ever been afflicted with. The country was prosperous, the government was out of debt, and run on an economical footing never approached since. The money power saw a chance to make money, and at the same time strike a blow at its enemy, the people. 'Damn the people!' uttered by America's greatest plutocrat, was but the candid expression of a sentiment in the hearts of all plutocrats."

This time, in addition to the craving for revenge, "the money power" had the incentive of "a chance to make money." Let us see how they succeeded. Again, as in 1837, there was a general suspension of specie payment by the banks of the United States, a loss of credit, a shrinkage of capital. The deposits in the New York banks amounted on August 8, 1857, to \$94,436,417; on the 17th of October they had decreased to \$52,894,623. "The money power" met with a similar experience, although on not so large a scale, in even other states.

Will any reasonable man contend that this "power," whose enemies have always insisted was even more intelligent than it was unscrupulous, would have taken that way of making money?

The panic of 1873, he declares, was also brought on by "the money power," which this time "sought no revenge for imaginary injuries, but it had a scheme for getting the better of its old

rival, the people, which is bearing fruit to this good day. The destruction of bi-metallism by the demonetization of silver was the money power's scheme," etc., etc.

"There were no hard times," he says, "to bring on" this panic of 1873, "and the price of iron was almost at the maximum."

This might be sufficiently answered, perhaps, by the simple axiom that hard times do not bring on panics, as we generally understand the meaning of the term, but panics usually precede hard times. A panic most always comes very unexpectedly, and is the sequel of long-continued flush times of apparent although fictitious prosperity. We would have little reason to dread a panic if hard times came first. It would either be averted or provided for and modified. The acutest observers and shrewdest calculators—always excepting of course this mysteriously-moving "money power"—often fail to discern its approach, and the public is generally taken completely by surprise. Now, while to the superficial observer times seemed to be good just before the panic of 1873 burst upon this country, the very conditions which Mr. Bullitt indicates as the factors which serve to produce a panic had prevailed for several years previously. Over-production and rash, inordinate speculation were so common and patent as to excite comment even before the crash came. The excessive railroad construction of that era had elicited alarm and remonstrance both in America and Europe. And if there ever was a panic, the immediate, exciting occasion of which—we will not say the "cause"—could be distinctly ascertained and has been generally conceded, it was this panic of 1873. It was directly precipitated by the suspension of the financial house of Jay Cooke & Co.; and that suspension became inevitable because Jay Cooke & Co. had gotten an immense amount of capital tied up in railway enterprises not likely to be productive for years in the future. Again we say that if "the money power" desired this panic it must largely forfeit its reputation for

superior intelligence, inasmuch as it was itself the greatest sufferer. The losses this panic occasioned to financial houses and to individual capitalists and holders of securities were enormous. The demonetization of silver had no more to do with its production than a rain shower in the Gulf of Mexico has to do with causing a flood in the Mississippi river. The panic had come, gone, and by the masses been forgotten before anyone found out that silver *was* "demonetized." Indeed, the phrase was not invented or the idea in any manner suggested until some years after the act of February, 1873, had been passed; and so little perceptible effect had been produced upon the business of the country by the discontinuance of the coinage of the silver dollar, that very many prominent public men, of both parties, did not find out until 1876 or 1877 that it had been done, although they had voted for the bill.

But our author hints that, not content with so much mischief done previously, "the money power" has deliberately planned and wrought the present financial distress and stagnation.

He says: "After that severe, almost fatal blow at the prosperity of the country and the welfare of the people, another panic follows when the money power wishes it. This came when it wanted to strike the final death blow at silver and bi-metallism by repealing unconditionally the purchasing clause of the Sherman silver bill."

We shudder at the bare thought of any further discussion of the silver question, and will stubbornly refuse to be drawn into that. Fortunately, however, in this last example he cites, the dates are so recent and so arranged as to relieve us from all necessity of discussion. Surely we ought not to be asked to reject all testimony furnished us by memory and even the evidence of our senses. We are accustomed, of course, to have gentlemen who hold opinions of this character and argue after this fashion, tell us that we must ignore facts of historical experience. But it is tyrannical to require us to

forget that which we have personally witnessed and felt within less than a twelve-month. Every man on this continent who has ever heard of the panic at all, remembers and knows that it had come and overwhelmed us, not only before the purchasing clause of the Sherman act had been repealed, but before Mr. Cleveland had called congress together to consider such repeal, and before any one knew or could justly surmise that he meant to assemble congress. Indeed, it was quite a common thing to hear some very sanguine people, after congress had assembled, express the hope that the repeal of the purchasing clause would restore confidence and relieve the country from the effects of the panic. It is a trifle too soon, also, whatever else may be expected in support of fanciful theories, to ask us to forget the "booms" and speculative schemes of every conceivable description which were pushed up to the very eve of the panic, or to believe that they had no part in causing it. Why, too, in the light of past experience, "the money power wished another panic" at this time, our writer may, perhaps, explain, but no one else can.

The attempt to account for phenomena of the nature of those under discussion, by considering the effect of social and economic laws which operate uniformly and generally, and of which experience has furnished us some sure recognition and knowledge, is always useful, even if not entirely successful. But it can do no good to pitch the discussion upon purely supposititious grounds and factors. It will not aid us in the least, when seeking to solve such questions, to imagine the existence of "powers" and influences which, while made up of human beings and ordinary men, are invested, for the purposes of the argument, with preternatural attributes—which, although constituted out of a part of the people, are yet hostile and malign to the interests of "the people." There is no "money power," in the sense in which our writer uses the term—his understanding of it is merely a survival of the idea of the "Bogie Man."

TOO MUCH DIALECT.

While we should be loth to discourage the proper use of "dialect," and, indeed, recognize the necessity of such proper use for the purposes of fiction, we are convinced that the public is becoming justly impatient of its excessive and indiscriminate use. Like many another fairly good fashion, it has been carried too far, until some of those who have most sadly perverted and abused it have really ceased to consider it as merely serving the purposes of illustration and have come to regard it as sufficiently substantial in itself for all the requirements of a story.

Some years ago a few writers in this country discovered that, judiciously employed, dialect—especially the negro and mountain examples of it—could be made to give a distinctive and attractive coloring to a good story which might not be otherwise imparted. They found that a stronger flavor and interest could be added to homely but earnest sentiment by this form of expression, the interest always attaching to that which is manifestly natural. But, in the hands of these writers, dialect was merely an instrument for accomplishing certain other and more important effects; the stories they furnished would have been good no matter how told. So used, it is but one of the methods by which the great masters of narration have in all ages held captive the imagination of mankind—the art of the maker of the epic, the legend, the Saga, which shows what sort of folk men are by the habit of their speech, disclosing not only the thoughts but the character of an individual by the fashion of his words, and making each creation speak "after its kind."

These writers achieved very decided success, and it is not to be denied that they were largely aided by the vernacular which they so liberally employed. Such form of speech was perfectly in accord, not only with the people about whom they wrote, but with the scenes

and incidents they described. After all, however, the dialect was but an adjunct, or, rather, means of interpretation, and the life to which they introduced us, and the sentiment revealed, would have proven interesting if presented in any garb.

A host of imitators have succeeded them, who, instead of using the dialect to illustrate the story, apparently consider the story only as an excuse and opportunity to use the dialect; and the story is usually as inane as the dialect is elaborate. It is curious, too, to observe the struggle which sometimes obtains between the theme and the language, when thoughts which never could have occurred and situations which, without a miracle, would never have been experienced by those who speak dialect, are explained in dialect.

We do not wish to be understood as desiring to have those authorities who revise and correct the canons of criticism absolutely interdict the use of a literary factor which has done so much and, occasionally, such excellent service; we would as soon think of protesting against the employment by the younger poets of the more fervid and exciting adjectives. But we really believe there should be some effort to restrict its use within the boundaries we have endeavored, however imperfectly, to delineate.

We remember a charming rural story of a young farmer who hired a traveling photographer to surreptitiously take a picture of his—the farmer's—sweetheart. The artist could utilize only one opportunity, and took a snap shot at the young lady as she was standing on the other side of a high plank paling. He hastened with the precious specimen to the lover, expecting, of course, grateful acknowledgment. But the latter indignantly rejected it, with the comment that, "Thar's too much fence and too little gal." Too much dialect sometimes serves to obscure the subject, and is disappointing.

BOOKS AND WRITERS.

New York

Book Gossip.

There has been more than a touch of *opera bouffe* in the suffrage agitation in this good town. Society, with a large S, has taken up both sides of the question. By consequence all sorts of odd stories fly thick and fast wherever two or three women are gathered together. At a reception not long since, I congratulated one of the "old guard" upon the swell accessions to her ranks. She heard me with a merrily curled lip, and when I had done, said tragically:

"Ah! if it was not for the society ladies I should be hopeful for our cause. Do you know the way they go on is enough to drive any reasonable creature into opposition. There is Miss B——, now! If ever you saw a figure of fun it is she—two hundred pounds at least of frowzy, frightful fool! Yet she comes into the committee daily, to let us know that she thinks we, who have borne the burden and heat of the day, can never be quite thankful enough that our movement has at last got the indorsement and countenance of real ladies such as herself. So far, for the good cause, I have borne with her; but if somebody does not pretty soon choke her off, you may look to hear of my executing a metaphorical war dance upon her abundant bosom. I said to Mrs. S——, the other day, that if a kind providence would only send a pestilence among our fool friends, I would answer single handed for as many of the 'antis' as might raise their voices against us. In fact it is the clubs and organizations and things that go and indorse us which, in my judgment, will defeat us, if defeated we are. There is nothing quite so hard to live through as the advocacy of fools. If once we convince the world in an earnest, self-respectful fashion that we, the real women, really want the ballot, nothing can hinder our getting it. The fact that society has taken us up reduces the suffrage question in many

minds from the dimensions of a fact to that of a fad."

"You are right, but you suffragists are not having all the fun," another woman said over the shoulder of the woman's righter. "I went to a meeting of 'antis' not long since, and there was little Mrs. —, pleading almost with tears that this great, this crushing burden be not thrust upon wives and mothers. She painted a mighty pitiful picture of the rack and ruin that must follow—neglected children, unkempt homes, and all that. The fun—the pity rather—was in knowing that for four weeks or more the speaker had left her home and three babies to the mercies of a raw Irish girl, while she went around pleading for the 'inviolabilities of the home.'"

Do you know it strikes me that the whole agitation for and against suffrage is not so much of a fact as a symptom. Women at large sit uneasily in the old womanly seat. What with careers of all sorts, college educations, professorships, and the rest of it, an aroma of discontent permeates the whole sex. I fear, too, oftener than not it is an ignoble discontent. I blame no woman for getting beyond the creed which made it woman's mission "to suckle fools and chronicle small beer," but I have serious doubt as to whether very much of our so-called progress does not make against the happiness and real well-being of the human race. I see in the course of my own work very near to the bottom of many charitable and philanthropic undertakings, or rather things so called. I do not wish to seem a carper, or given to unjust suspicion, but it is my deliberate judgment that heaps of the lady patronesses are far more concerned to make an occasion in connection with which they may shine than solicitous for the ultimate good which is to grow out of what they undertake.

It has been said a well-bred woman's name got into print only twice—when

she was married and when she was buried. That is not at all the doctrine of this end of the century. The old homely ways are out of date. Woman with a capital letter has chipped the shell and struts proudly about, ready to play even harlequin, rather than stay in shadow. For one thing, she lacks other occupation. Machinery has revolutionized the ways of the household. Back a hundred or so years, the properly educated woman was she who knew how "to pray to God, to love man, to knit and to sew." That is a curriculum quite out of date. Instead of it we have clubs, and societies, and leagues without number. By help of them the energy that a hundred years back would have made its possessor the most notable of housewives, gets an outlet—not the best outlet, mind, but one that saves it from morbid fermentation. In fact it seems to me that much of the morbidness that appears in what women write nowadays is the result of an ethical chemistry which has evolved it from repressed or thwarted energies.

"Yes, Dr. Holmes says, you know, 'It is very bad to have thoughts and feelings, that were meant to come out in talk, strike in, as they say of some diseases,'" I answered. My friend nodded emphatically.

"He is right," she said. And if that is the case with mere emotions, think what peril must lie in smothered activity. I tell you I believe it to be the root of three parts of the abnormality of this abnormal epoch."

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It is always pleasant to have a question about which many men—many women likewise—have many minds, settled by the voice of authority. Hence what follows will have a double interest for that large moiety of THE SOUTHERN MAGAZINE's readers who take pride in such writers as the South can call her own.

Not long since a lowly member of the guild took occasion to get up certain data, relating to Southern eminence in New York town. The course of research brought the researcher in contact with a woman whose claim to prominence was that she was her hus-

band's wife. It was known, though, that she had now and then ventured into print. Her name, indeed, had appeared under several syndicate articles and in a magazine or two. But nobody took her literary pretension seriously. Judge, then, what the inquirer felt when in answer to a penciled query, there came back this reply:

"I know absolutely nothing of Southerners as a class. I can tell you, though, that the *writers* (italics her own) are Mrs. Burton Harrison and myself."

As the lady holds the better half of a judicial position aspirants will please take notice, and govern themselves accordingly.

HERE is a curious literary fact! Two of the most delightful and successful of the magazinists are *literateurs* by accident. That is to say, they were artists first and writers afterward. The public has heard before how, some eight years back, Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith came home from one of his hauntings of out-of-the-way places with a portfolio full of sketches which certain publishers wished to reproduce. At once they cast about for text to fit the pictures. Finding none, nor any established writer who could undertake to supply it, they beset the painter to see what he could do with the pen. He wrote a chapter or two and forwarded them to the powers that were. At once there came back word, "You have given us more than we dared hope for. Pray keep on." He did keep on, and the result was "Well-worn Roads"—one of the most delightful books ever printed. To my mind, though all Mr. Smith's work is most excellent, he has never gone beyond the mark of this initial volume. Even his new book, "Venitian Sketches," though far more elaborate in execution and more sumptuous in illustration, lacks somewhat of the freshness of that which made its author as well known to the reading public as he had been previously to the world of art.

It was quite the same with Mr. William Hamilton Gibson. His pictures were so wonderfully faithful that only

himself could supply adequate letterpress. He told me once that he began to write with no thought whatever that he could make the pen do any part of that which his brush had achieved—that is, tell the story of nature's miracles. But he soon found writing only less absorbing than working in black and white. Very many people have cause to rejoice that he did so find it. Aside from his books, which are like a breath of vernal freshness, he now lectures on the marvels of plant and insect life, illustrating his talks with object-diagrams that are marvels of creation, only second to the things they prefigure.

 "THE YELLOW ASTER" has attained the recognition of three pirated editions. Naturally a large part of the reading world is giving, or has given, its whole mind to the book. It is far from commonplace, either in *motif* or execution. Notwithstanding, the most exceptional thing about it seems to me its vagueness. For it is not plain-spoken enough to take the minds that love "high fiction"; neither has the plot of it any inherent indecency. Its inherent impossibility is very large, but that, nowadays, makes nothing against a book's success. If it did, "The Heavenly Twins" would have fallen utterly flat in place of selling well up in the fifty thousands, both here and in England. "The Yellow Aster" is in no sort an imitation of Madame Grand. Still, I think, if there had been no "Heavenly Twins," the "Aster" might not have blossomed. That is to say, that both books are symptomatic. The heaven of Ibsen, Tolstoi, *et als.* has fermented a crop of romancers, who not merely "set all the nine parts of speech at defiance," but the Ten Commandments as well. Gwen, the abnormal heroine of Mrs. Caffyn's book, likens herself to a yellow aster, which is prized only because of its abnormality. She is a mighty reputable personage, as heroines go these days. In fact, the wickedness of the book falls impartially between the hero and his artist protégé. But all the action—the whole gist of the story, indeed—deals with psycho-physiological problems hitherto rather indicated than

elaborated in the pages of romance. None the less are they problems. In places the solution of them is powerfully wrought; in others there is bathos of deepest dye. The pith and marrow of the book is the development of the maternal feeling in natures that circumstance has made abnormal. It is mighty interesting reading in spite of a strained touch. If the manner of the book were as well considered as the matter, there would be room to hope that its writer would some day give us a piece of flawless fiction—and one wholly without a purpose.

 "DEPEND ON IT, they do not write literature—the people who can say truthfully they never had a manuscript rejected." That is what was said to me lately by the editor of one of the leading magazines. "In the nature of things, it must be so," he went on. "I have heard of people saying such things; then I have heard and known of other people—the most famous and successful—who said truthfully that they got rejections in spite of their fame. Pure literary work is always more or less a speculation. An editor may, and often does, write to this or that person asking for a story. But when he gets it, he reads it as critically as if nothing had gone before. Besides, I think that very few of those who write what I call literature do not send their wares about where they think they are likely to sell best. Of course, there is work that you can order as you would coal or potatoes. If the people who supply it write only as they are called upon to do it, they, of course, escape rejections. But such work is no more literature than it is pearls or diamonds."

This is interesting, and apropos when set beside what Miss Beatrice Harraden has been telling the interviewers: "I had piles of rejected manuscripts," she says. "I wrote story after story for Blackwood's—and all of them came back to me—though the editor always sent a note begging me to try again. After a while, I met Mrs. Linn Linton and Mrs. William Blackwood. They gave me the benefit of intelligence and

sympathetic criticism, and then my stories began to get in print."

The young woman must be given to truth-telling. She admits her twenty-nine years without hesitation. She is bound for California, in search of health and experience. Her tens of thousands of readers will join in the hope that, though her ship passes now in the night of illness, it may come back to us some good day with sails set fair to the sunshine. *Martha McCulloch Williams.*

**Katherine
Lauderdale.**

When Max O'Rell visited this country he noted, as one of our especial characteristics, the fact that everything was valued according to the number of dollars that it commanded. A great orator was admired not for the beauty of his language or the force of his logic, or his power over his fellow-man, but because he was one whose market price for one evening was five thousand dollars. I have been especially reminded of this lately since Marion Crawford has been put so persistently before the public as a ten-thousand-dollar man; that is, as one whose manuscript commands that price. Among the numerous notices that the newspapers and magazines have given of his new book, "Katherine Lauderdale," that one has been esteemed of most importance. His style, his ability, his motives in writing, his special gifts have all faded into insignificance before the fact that the publishers were willing to pay Mr. Crawford ten thousand dollars for his manuscript. Why is this? Are we more sordid than our brothers across the sea, or as a commercial nation do we naturally use commercial terms? No great actress or sweet-voiced singer has ever come to us more successfully advertised than "Katherine Lauderdale." She is a New York girl, and a member of the Macalister sacred circle, and we are told that this is the first of a series that is to treat of New York life, as the Saracinesca series did of life in Rome. We shall all read them, and no one need deny it, for it is a glimpse into the holy of holies for those who live outside and remote from the temple.

But in Katherine Lauderdale the charm of the Saracinesca group is lost. We miss the dimly-lighted cathedrals, and the historic associations, and the warm, Italian love-making that stirred us so deeply. It is all so modern, and, as in the pictures of many modern madonnas, the halo has not been painted. The Lauderdale family live in Clinton place. The mother is beautiful and "had always known that she was compared with the greatest beauties of the world, by men and women who had seen them, and were able to judge." She was a Kentuckian, and of course knew how to entertain, and she painted well enough to supply herself and her daughter with some of the needed luxuries of society life. Mrs. Lauderdale had come to the conclusion about her husband "that she might just as well have married a magnificent, clean-built, iron-bodied, steel-jointed locomotive, as the man she had chosen."

Mr. Lauderdale, the father of Katherine, is chiefly of importance because of his being a Lauderdale, for as John Ralston, who was only half one, had remarked to his cousin, "You might as well be the President of the United States as be a Lauderdale, so far as doing anything incognito is concerned," and this one speech shows the estimation in which they held themselves; not only the full-bloods, but the half-breeds.

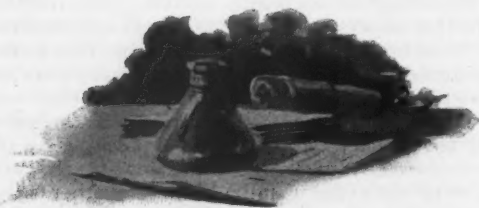
Katherine Lauderdale seems to be remarkable in only one thing, and that is her lasting determination to marry her cousin, John Ralston, notwithstanding the many reasonable objections to her doing so that were offered by her friends. Katherine was not beautiful, but fascinating, as all heroines are, and at times so great were her attractions that her mother was said to be insanely jealous of her. Her mental attainments were, poor girl, so limited, that when she wanted to write her lover a note she hesitated, because "on paper she was never sure of being quite right. Punctuation was a department which she affected to despise, but which she inwardly feared, and when alone she admitted that there were words which she seemed to spell, not as they were

spelled in books—'parallel,' for instance, 'psychology' and 'responsibility.' She avoided those words which were not very necessary to her, but with a disagreeable suspicion that there might be others."

Is this a correct picture of the species? We pause for a reply, and perhaps it will come to us in the volumes of the series that are to follow.

And then we are told in all seriousness that Katherine's "ideals were high, and Ralston fulfilled the most of them." Bearing this in mind, as we read the descriptions of John Ralston, we naturally wonder if the height of the social barometer affects the height of the ideals inversely. For instance, John "had the reputation of having tried several occupations, and of having failed with equal brilliancy in all of them;" and again, "Ralston was dark, good-looking, nervous, excitable, enduring, and *decidedly dissipated* at the age of five and twenty."

That he made no effort to control his temper is evidenced in various places; once when, in reckless impatience, he trips Bright, the best friend he has, who is trying to do him a kindness; and another time, when, in the presence of his millionaire uncle, he gives way to the most savage and unjustifiable rage. If Mr. Crawford truly reflects New York in this picture, which we do not think he does, then it is a sad revelation. When we read *Saracinesca*, of whom it could be said, "This was the noblest Roman of them all," there was left with us a pleasant remembrance and a feeling that we had had a glimpse of the best of life in Rome, but that is not true when we lay down *Katherine Lauderdale*. We agree with Nym Crinkle, who says, "I wonder that some admirer of F. Marion Crawford does not tell him that he is writing too much. There is unmistakable evidence in his last novel, '*Katherine Lauderdale*,' not of decline, but of weariness." Harry Waldo.





WHEN BABY CROWS.

You may write about the baby,
When it laughs or when it cries;
You may criticise it—maybe—
On its pearly teeth or eyes;
But you cannot do it justice—
As every mother knows—
Unless you grow ecstatic
Over baby when it crows.

You may hear the learned preachers
In their talk about our souls,
In their different phases, features,
In their various creeds and rôles,
But they're not so interesting
As the eloquence that flows
From the rosy throat and cherry lips
Of baby when it crows.

You may listen to, with rapture,
The songsters of renown,
Whose music seems to capture
The critics of the town;
But it's not so captivating,
As our feeling will disclose,
As the mirthful, cooing music
Of baby when it crows.

Howard B. Segur.

REPARTEE.

MR. WILKINS was a minister of the Methodist conference, who thought it his bounden duty to rebuke sin—or whatever he considered such—no matter where or when he saw it. He and several other gentlemen were one evening in the drug store of Dr. Settle. The doctor dearly loved a social chat

and smoke with his friends, so he soon offered cigars, which were pleasantly accepted until he reached the Methodist minister.

"Have a cigar, Mr. Wilkins?" said he.

"No, I thank you," replied the reverend gentleman, in a tone and manner which left no doubt of his opinion of tobacco and of smokers; "I never serve the devil in that way."

No one felt the rebuke more keenly or was more surprised at it than Dr. Settle, though he could not help thinking it savored more of the spirit of the self-righteous pharisee than of the courtesy to all men commanded by St. Paul. But he only laughed good humoredly with the others, and pleasant chat and smoking went on, as if there were no Mr. Wilkins.

A few days after, Mr. Wilkins came into the drug store with a bottle carefully wrapped. Walking up to Dr. Settle he asked in a low tone, "Do you sell good spirit?" A merry twinkle gleamed from the doctor's bright black eyes. Looking Mr. Wilkins full in the face, and imitating the minister's tone and manner on the former occasion, he said,

"No, sir; I never serve the devil in that way."

In a rage as great, as causeless, and

as useless as that of Naaman, Mr. Wilkins left the store and never entered it again.

IN a town of one of the Atlantic states once lived two men, the architects of their own fortunes. One commenced life by peddling cakes and confectionery, the other by making and mending shoes. Both acquired wealth. The first became proprietor of the finest hotel in the place; the other had retired from business, and was building a large and handsome brick house. The first mentioned of these men, walking one day very pompously around the new building, inquired of the owner and builder, "How many shoe-taps did it take to build this house?"

"Indeed, sir, I cannot tell," replied the other; "but how many ginger-cakes do you think it is worth?"

THE following occurred in the courthouse of Lynchburg, Virginia: A lawyer, concluding a speech in behalf of his client, said, addressing the court: "Should your honor send my client on to further trial, it would leave upon his fair name a stain that all the waters of the blue Atlantic, or all the soap that could be manufactured out of the ponderous body of the commonwealth's attorney could never wash out." Upon which the "ponderous" commonwealth's attorney arose, and instantly replied: "I cannot see what soap-making has to do with the case in point. But if your honor should be disposed to engage in that business, and should see fit to make use of my body for the purpose, I am sure you would have to look to the opposing counsel for the *concentrated lye* out of which to make it."

F. H. Marr.

TWO OF A KIND.

"HUH! Doan yer gimme de whites er yo' eyes lack dat no mo'! I ain' gwine tick nuff'n off'n you, yer big-yard gump! Stan' still and quit dat rasslin' roun' yere lack er worm in er hot skillet. 'Tain' so, 'n you knows it

well ez I does! Ain' I done feed yer, 'n nuss yer, 'n tick keer uv yer gwine on fo' yeahs? I ain' 'bused yer 'tall, 'n you need'n say so. Hol' up dat lef' foot!

"Stop 'sput'n my word, I tell yer! Yer ain got no mo' ingratitude ez er hawg. Ketch me wukk'n mersef ter def fer sich er rapscallion ez you is ergin! Tuhn roun' yere now an' lemme curry 'tother side, you nigger you!

"Whaffer did call you er nigger? You any better ez I is? Dat any reason fer you stop eat'n cawn an' wall yo' big eyes back at me? Fo' de Lawd, nigger, I break disshere curry com' over yo' head fuss ting you knows. You ole fool! You dess got de sense you bin bawn wid. I dess bet you er dollar I kin tick you fo' mile from whar you bawn 'n tuhn you loose in de woods 'n yous a los' mule right den. You cain no mo' fin' de way home as you could—"

I didn't stop to hear the argument out. I had just paused near the stable door for a moment, in passing, but I have no doubt Uncle Mose had it pretty much his own way—so long as he kept near the mule's head.

W. B. Gwyn.

A PATRIOT REBEL.

IN connection with my article on the "First Cuban Expedition," I am reminded of the following incident:

When my father, John A. Logan, was in the City of Mexico with General Scott's army, a Mexican youth made his acquaintance and became very much attached to him. This young man's name, if I remember correctly, was Martinas, and although "Martinas" is a musical name, and easily pronounced, nevertheless it was, by a process of linguistic metamorphosis little understood by me, Americanized into the less euphonic one of "Gus." Without going into a deep research through the devious paths of Sanscrit roots or Greek derivations in order to answer this profound inquiry, we may, for the present, explain this apparent anomaly by calling it a psychological

phenomenon. It is wonderful how many things can be explained by calling them "phenomena," and when "psychological" is prefixed the elucidation becomes complete.

But pardon the digression. This "Gus" was the son of a wealthy native of the City of Mexico, who had been a general in the army of the party opposed to Santa Anna, and when Santa Anna overthrew the government by defeating Bustamente, the father of Gus was promptly executed for treason and his property confiscated to the State—that is, to Santa Anna and his party. Young Martinás, finding himself in reduced circumstances, learned the printer's trade, and was a typesetter in a newspaper office in Mexico when General Scott took possession of the city.

Gus was a sprightly youth and well educated. His family had occupied a high position in Mexican society; but, being a patriot of the Mexican type, he left his country in her distress, and being an every-day philosopher, who accepted conclusions (conclusions being what he wanted) without going through the tedious process of that double-edged instrument of torture called logic, he managed to take care of himself in those precarious times, in a doubtful way, by coming to the United States. He lived in Shelby county, Kentucky, during his sojourn in this country. Gus possessed the good and the bad traits of the Spanish-Mexican race. He was brave and cruel, warm-hearted and treacherous, chivalrous and cunning, knightly and shrewd, impulsive and crafty, restless and contented; and these, with like contradictions of character, he could combine and exhibit in infinite variety as occasion required. He, of course, joined the Cuban expedition, and was a private in my father's company.

When my father was shot down in the skirmish at Cardenas, Gus clung to him with the faithful attachment of a brother. He helped Colonel Pickett carry him on board the steamer "Creole," nursed him with all the tenderness of a sister till he died, and wept like a

child when his remains were consigned to the remorseless waves. More than that, he collected my father's clothing and valuables, including his watch and some money in gold, put them in a meal sack, and, with his bag on his back, he tramped all the way through the country from Tampa, Florida, to Shelby county, Kentucky, working and begging his way the best he could for more than a thousand miles, and, without using a nickel of the money for his own needs, he delivered to me the sacred trust. A noble example of self-sacrificing friendship!

In 1851 Gus joined Colonel Crittenden's battalion in the second Cuban expedition. He was captured with the party, and for many months we thought he had met the fate of his comrades or had ended his life on a gibbet; but, in the course of time, my uncle, with whom I was living, received a letter from the City of Mexico, in which Gus gave full details of his romantic career. He had escaped from Cuba, gone to Texas, and there joined a band of horse thieves and robbers, who preyed upon the people living on the frontiers of Mexico and Texas. In one of their forays the whole gang was captured by a body of Mexican cavalry, and, to the astonishment of Gus, who should be the commander of the company but his own brother! Through the influence of his brother and his friends, Gus was pardoned and set free. All the other robbers were put to death.

R. F. Logan.

THE COQUETTE.

She laughs; the dimples come and go.
She laughs like rippling waters flow;
She laughs, but not at me; oh, no!

She smiles; the world is bright and fair.
She smiles; I never feel a care;
She smiles on me, I do declare!

She loves; ah, would you like to know?
She loves; her sweet lips told me so.
She loves—she loves red-headed Joe!

She weds; Joe's heart and mine beat fast.
She weds; we really are aghast!
She weds—Old Moneybags at last!

Belle R. Harrison.

LATE TO BREAKFAST.

"Ring the bell once more; perhaps
She's asleep; what morning naps!
Goodness gracious! must we wait?
She's no business to be late."

Tripping lightly down the stair,
In she comes with jaunty air.
With a look of sweet surprise,
Hear the girl apologize:

"It's *too* bad; I *am* to blame!
Yes, indeed! it is a shame;
But the truth, if I must tell,
Is I didn't hear the bell.
But to-morrow you shall see,
Just how punctual I can be."

Comes to-morrow,
Bright and clear.
Shame and sorrow!
Can't she hear
Thrice rung bell
To her calling?
Sad to tell;
Nay, appalling!
Late again,
Despite thrice calling.

So it goes day after day,
And we forget to grumble;
She has such a winning way
That really we grow humble.

And ere long we fairly learn
Just to wait her motion.
Punctuality we spurn
As an antiquated notion.

If half starved, we dare begin
Ere she comes, it seems a sin.
With guilty look and downcast eyes,
We to her apologize.

As if *we* really ought to wait
Every time that *she* is late,
And be grateful most of all,
That she kindly comes at all.

Egbert L. Bangs.

AUGE MIHI, VENERE.

Smile, Goddess of love, on my wooing;
Sure, refusal would be my undoing:
Should she fail to receive me
With favor, believe me,
I ne'er would again go a-wooing.

I am filled with a strange trepidation,
My heart beats with wild palpitation;
If, by chance, she detects it
And my suit she rejects, it
Will cost me a life's desolation.

Then if thou, Aphrodite, uphold me,
And, kindly propitious, unfold me
The secret of how I
Shall win her, I vow thy
Blest altar shall daily behold me.

And a hecatomb straightway I'll burn thee,
If thou with my care wilt concern thee;
For if thou lend thine aid in
The contest, the maiden
Will never be able to spurn me.

Chilton Huston.



THE DISPUTED PRIZE.

A Tragedy of the Zoo.

